

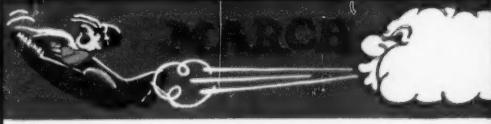
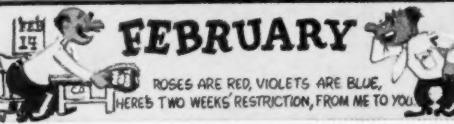
Leatherneck

JAN. 1955

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

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1955



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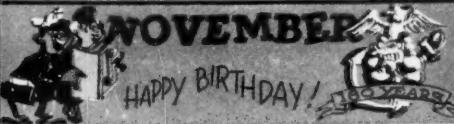
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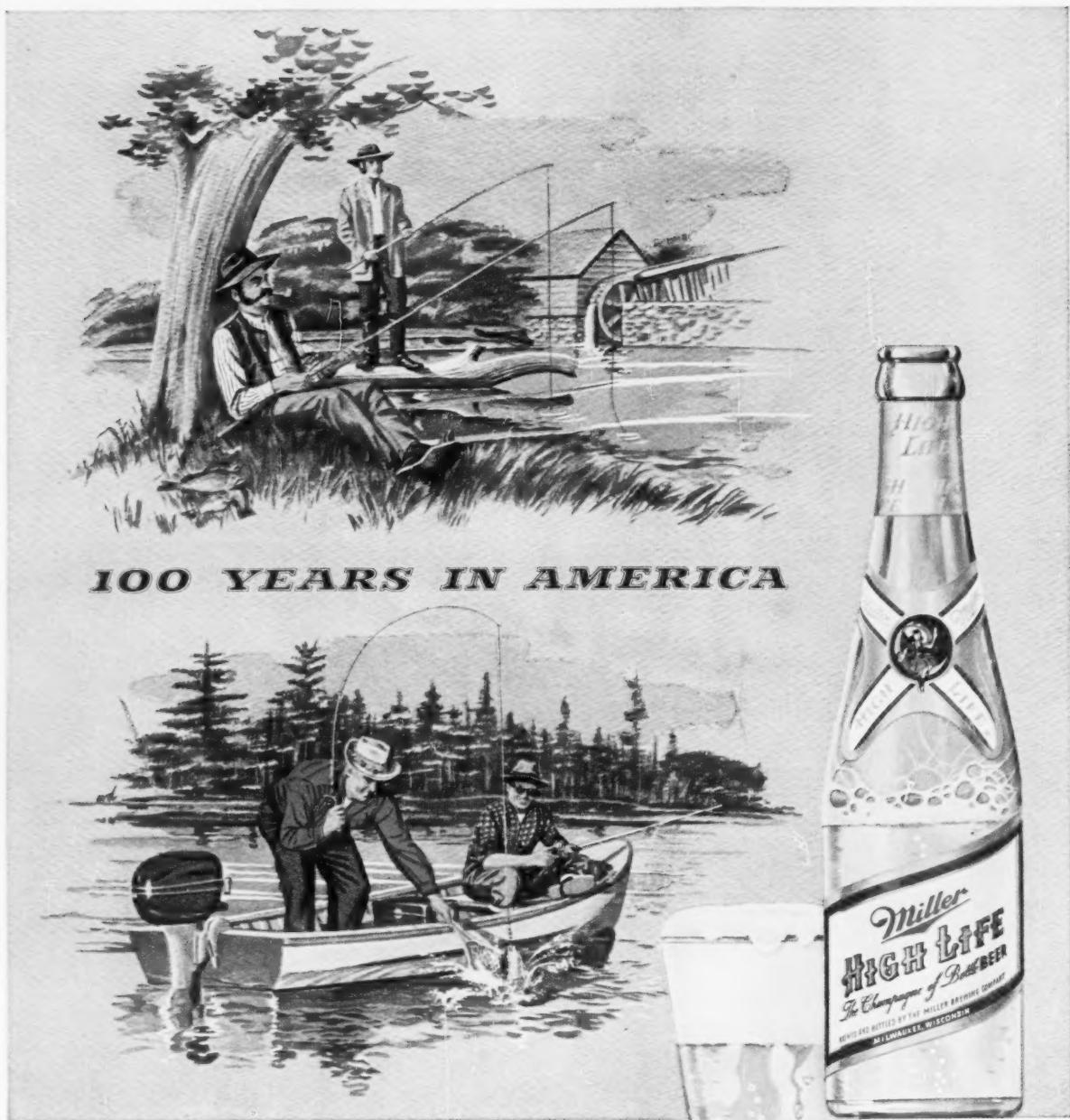
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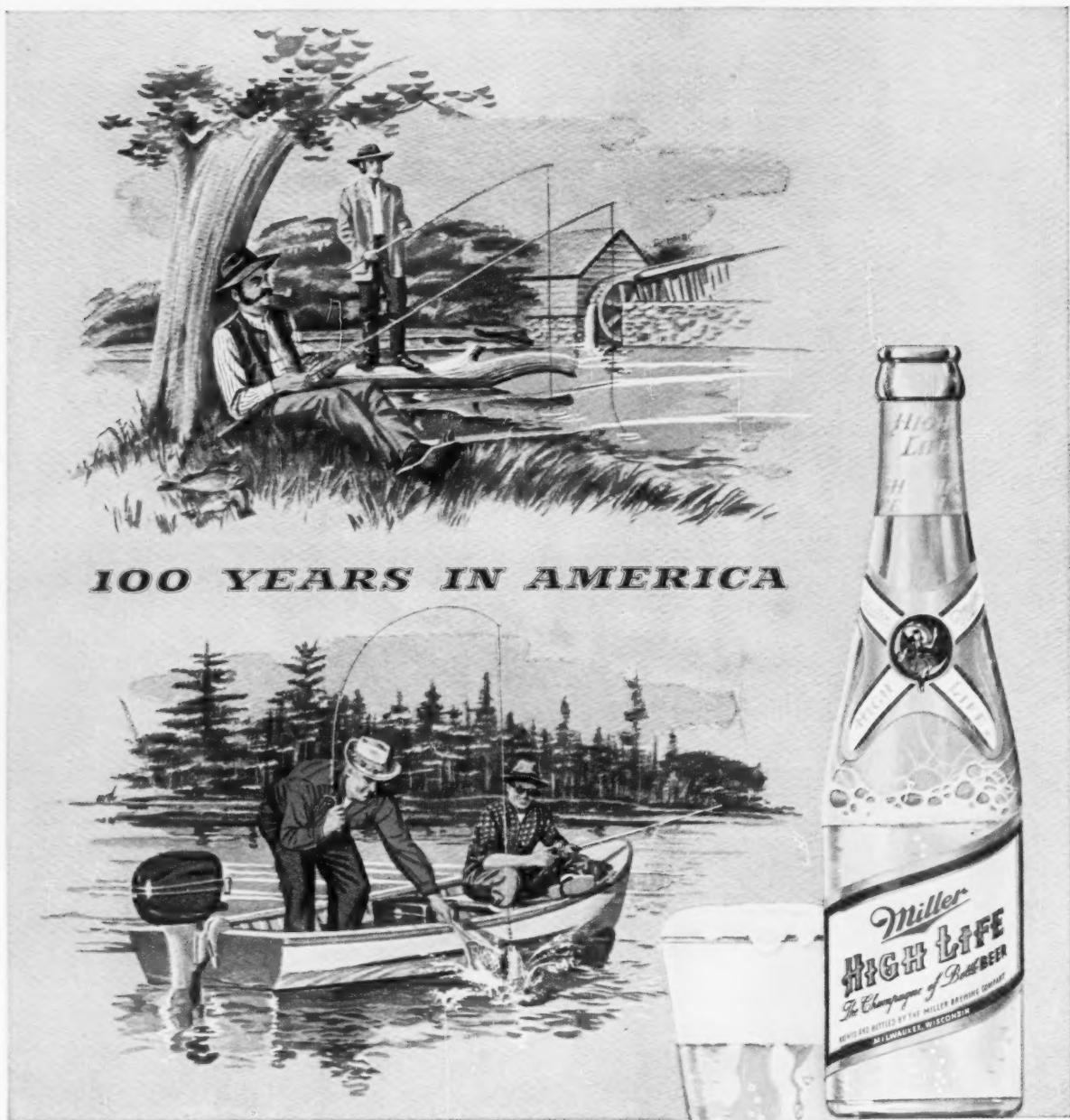
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*... and still the
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The thrill of a bending rod, the peace of a quiet stream . . . these things never change for the sportsman. Unchanging too . . . through the century, has been the loyal preference for MILLER HIGH LIFE, *not only by* sportsmen . . . but by all Americans who traditionally enjoy the good things in life.



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Although these great aircraft have their final assembly at the Fairchild Aircraft Division in Hagerstown, Maryland, many of the vital components originate in towns and cities all over the United States. Sub-contractors and suppliers from Manchester, New Hampshire to Trentwood, Oregon . . . from Minneapolis, Minnesota to Phoenix, Arizona keep essential parts flowing to Hagerstown.

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 Speed Control Division, St. Augustine, Fla.
 Stratos Division, Bay Shore, N. Y.

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Leatherneck

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JANUARY, 1955

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Leatherneck 1955

THIS MONTH'S COVER

After you have mirthfully split a seam laughing at the cartoons within these pages, admired our gal Marilyn, looked for an old buddy among the pictures and skimmed through the written stuff, don't deep six your magazine. Staff Sergeant Gordon C. Bess, Leatherneck staff artist, has brushed out a useful calendar cover.

NEXT ISSUE

IWO TODAY . . . TSgt. Charles Tyler, Leatherneck Staff Photographer, revisits Suribachi a decade after the Marines' bloody climb.

MOOSE HUNT . . . Nimrod Marines stationed at Argentia, Newfoundland, follow the trail of the bull moose. TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky and Corp. Jack Sneddon will don snowshoes and cover the jaunt.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least **FIVE WEEKS** before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address **LEATHERNECK Magazine**, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

Send **OLD** address with new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you forward extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

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**Every Easy Draw Tells You . . .
Here's a True Tobacco Treat!**

Here at last is a filter cigarette that bears the name of one of America's leading cigarettes. Just think what this means to you!

ESTABLISHED QUALITY—the consistent, premium quality only long experience and expert craftsmanship can achieve.

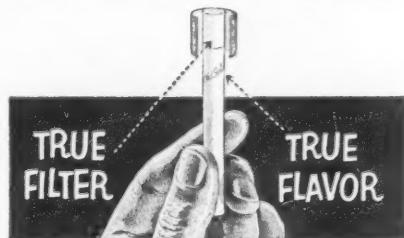
TRUE TOBACCO TASTE—here's one filter cigarette that gives you true

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Philip Morris Company
Established 1780



The effective filter that lets real flavor through. Pure white...never too loose...never too tight...this easy draw filter makes every puff taste like a true tobacco treat.



SOUND OFF

Edited by MSgt. Harry Pugh

TEMPORARY DISABILITY

Dear Sir:

I have been in the Marine Corps for four months. I had only four weeks of boot camp when I was released from active duty and placed on the temporary retired list with pay, by reason of physical disability. My identification card has PFC, Ret'd on it. Does that mean if I went back to duty I would get the rank of Pfc? I did not get a discharge but I did get a DD-214 form. Am I still in the Marine Corps?

Anthony W. Junier
2222 Harrington Ave.,
Oakland 1, California

● Although you have been placed on the Temporary Disability Retired List, you are still a member of the Marine Corps. It, as a result of your periodic physical examinations, you are found fit to perform the duties of your rank, you may have the privilege of reenlisting in the Marine Corps with the rank of Private First Class.—Ed.

DELAYED PACKAGE

Dear Sir:

About two months ago, I sent my son, who is stationed in Korea, two packages. One package was a four-pound box of cookies and the other was a box of starch. Now up to this date, he has not received either one.



I would appreciate it very much if you could advise me what I should do. Who can furnish me some information about the delayed packages?

Mrs. A. Robitaille
249 Palmer Avenue
Warwick, Rhode Island

● We suggest that you contact the postal authorities where you mailed the package, Mrs. Robitaille, and request that a tracer be placed on the packages.—Ed.

SOMEBODY GOOFED

Dear Sir:

While reading the Oct. 1954, issue of your fine *Leatherneck Magazine* I ran across a picture on page 75 which I believe should be brought to light. It may have been the light or just the



way I was holding the book, but to me, it looks as if somebody goofed.

At the top left of page 75 is a picture of Marines from the Recruit Depot, San Diego, in a line of march. It seems as if the "Top" in lead is ready to plank down his left foot as is the staff sergeant following. However, on the other side, the Pfc is firmly on his right foot while the middle man is just bringing in his right.

Is someone out of step or do I need glasses?

Bill Breen
62 South Union St.,
Rochester 7, N. Y.

● Somebody is out of step, Mr. Breen.—Ed.

CONFUSED

Dear Sir:

A number of men in this battalion have been trying to place the United Nations Service Ribbon and the Philippine Liberation Ribbon in their proper precedence. Now the problem is: whether the United Nations Service Ribbon is a foreign or United States decoration. Would you please list the following ribbons in order of precedence?

United Nations Service Ribbon
Korean Presidential Unit Citation
Korean Service Ribbon
Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon
Philippine Liberation Ribbon
SSgt. Don S. Kutch
3rd Recruit Training Battalion
San Diego, Calif.

● Since we are part of the U.N. the United Nations Service Medal cannot be considered a foreign award. In order of precedence, the ribbons should be worn as follows:

- (1) Korean Service Ribbon
- (2) Marine Corps Reserve Ribbon
- (3) United Nations Service Ribbon
- (4) Philippine Liberation Ribbon
- (5) Korean PUC

However, don't forget that the National Defense Service Ribbon precedes all those mentioned in your letter.

The latest information on United States awards is contained in the *Navy and Marine Awards Manual (NAV-PERS 15, 790 Rev. 1953)*.—Ed.

STICKLER

Dear Sir:

I have engaged in numerous arguments as to why the clevis joints on the 81-mm. Mortar M23A1 bipod are not the same. The left mechanical leg is round shouldered where it joins the bipod at the clevis joint. The clevis claws on the right stationary leg rest

Notice

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the members of THE LEATHERNECK Association is hereby called, and will be held in the office of the Assistant Commandant of the Marine Corps at Headquarters U.S. Marine Corps, Washington, D.C., on 4 February, 1955, at 1400, for the transaction of any and all business that may come before said meeting.

ROBERT W. ARSENAULT
1st Lt., USMC
Secretary-Treasurer

against the right side of the base of the clevis joint when the legs are spread apart. When the gun is fired and the tube has been set or becomes angled to the left (many times imperceptible to the human eye) the recoil action tends to jam this shoulder into the clevis joint base and prevents leveling the weapon until the leg is reset.

In the past I have dug a circular ditch about two feet from the base-plate. The ditch is dug in depth according to the slant of the terrain and the feet of the bipod placed therein are kept as near level as possible. Can you suggest a more acceptable method?

Corp. Wesley A. Randall
Weapons Company, 2ndBn.,
Fourth Marines, Third MarDiv.,
FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

• Sounds good to us. Have you questioned the company gunny?—Ed.

REPUTABLE BUILDER

Dear Sir:

A few months back I had the pleasure of reading a very interesting article entitled "House Rules for Home Buyers," by Frank Governale in the August, 1954, *Leatherneck*.

I notice that he used New York State rates as a guide. Now I wonder if it would be possible for him to recommend some reputable builder in that area.



Any information will be greatly appreciated.

Corp. Edward Gunter
H&S Co., 1st Service Bn.,
First Marine Div., FMF,
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

• Mr. Governale is in the real estate business and may be able to help you. His address is One Burkland Lane, Hicksville, New York.—Ed.

OLD TIMER

Dear Sir:

It is with a great deal of pleasure I write you. I have enjoyed the *Leatherneck* over the years . . . received my first copy in January, 1928, and believe it or not, the magazine hasn't changed much since that time. I missed a few copies in '35 and '36 when I decided to set the world on fire but since 1937 I have been an avid reader, sometimes disagreeing but the majority of times agreeing.

Years ago your magazine published the seniority lists of enlisted men of the first pay grade, Sergeants Major, Gunnery Sergeants and First Sergeants. I found them very interesting although knowing full well that I (at that time) would never enter that charmed circle. I know that would be impossible to publish now . . . but perhaps you could publish the first 300 senior Master Sergeants in the Marine Corps today. I am sure a lot of people would be interested.

I wonder if there is anyone left in the Marine Corps who took part in a Marine Corps first . . . it was on the USS Arkansas in the Summer of 1932, when the Marines, for the first time,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

Leo Durocher



**A GILLETTE SHAVE
MAKES A FELLOW
LOOK LIKE HE'S
GOING PLACES**

LEO DUROCHER, SCRAPPY MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS, SHOWED THE BIG LEAGUES HOW HARD-DRIVING LEADERSHIP CAN DEVELOP A FIGHTING COMBINATION OF WORLD'S CHAMPION BALL PLAYERS. HE HANDLES MEN AND SITUATIONS WITH A RARE COMBINATION OF DARING AND GOOD JUDGMENT—GETS THE BEST OUT OF EVERY PLAYER, FROM ROOKIE TO VETERAN.

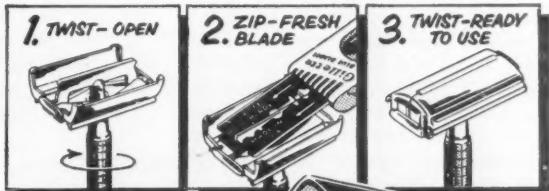
Leo Durocher

Look **SHARP!** Feel **SHARP!** Be **SHARP!**

It's **Gillette** For Quick, Refreshing Shaves!



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THE ONE-PIECE GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR GIVES YOU COMFORTABLE SHAVES THAT REALLY LAST. IT CHANGES BLADES IN SECONDS AND CLEANS WITH A QUICK RINSE.

CASE OPENS AT A TOUCH



4. USED BLADE GOES HERE

ENJOY CLEAN, REFRESHING SHAVES!

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**SUPER-SPEED
ONE-PIECE RAZOR**

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and Styrene Travel Case

FOR THOSE WONDERFULLY REFRESHING SHAVES THAT LOOK SLICK AND FEEL GREAT, TEAM UP A GILLETTE RAZOR WITH ANY GOOD SHAVING CREAM—SUCH AS GILLETTE MAKES—OR ONE OF THE POPULAR NEW INSTANT LATHERS.



The Old Gunny Says...

"SOMEBODY once said, 'The only thing most of us ever learn from history is that nobody learns much from history.' Well, history is loaded with wars and tales of battles and it's a pretty sad state of affairs if we professional fightin' men don't learn some of the lessons from our past wars. Learning from our past mistakes in battle should really be our main job in peacetime—then maybe we won't make so many costly and stupid mistakes next time. I guess one of the reasons it's hard to avoid havin' to learn how to fight the hard way—over and over again, is that the old experienced hands don't keep teachin' and preachin' the real hard facts and skills of combat. We all get distracted and confused by peacetime routines and evolutions that haven't got much to do with developin' fightin' know-how."

"In Korea we hadda learn again that we weren't so hot at night fighting. We still got a lot to learn about it. Now don't get me wrong. I think we can be just as good as anybody else in night combat, but it takes more than the man just sayin', 'Do it.' We gotta work at it.

"In Korea, as in War II, our air and artillery kept the enemy pinned down during daylight so he moved, supplied, attacked and patrolled at night. He had to. I think he also knew that we didn't like to work at night.

"We sometimes broke off successful attacks at sundown and didn't keep up the pressure at night. Then the enemy had a chance to dig in during darkness. You all know he digs fast and good. The next day we hadda dig him out again—the hard way! We should keep pushing when the goin's good—day or night.

"Eventually in Korea we did a lotta defensive fighting at night, ran lotsa patrols, ambushes and limited night raids. Some of the troops got pretty good at it. Why were they good?

Because they built up confidence—in themselves and their outfits. They developed skill in night movement and control. Now we gotta keep this confidence and skill alive. We can't just talk about it. We gotta work at it.

"Confidence at night results from training and experience. Night combat troops should know that they have the ability to move silently and surprise the enemy. They should develop skills and techniques for keeping contact and control, and they should be able to maintain proper direction and not get lost or fouled up. We should know how to use flares, fires, searchlights and infrared lights. We should be able to; fire weapons, assault, control support fires, use tanks, march, maneuver and reconnoiter aggressively at night.

We, too, may someday be in a position where we are forced to operate under the screen of darkness.

"We can develop a real night capability if we work at it. It will require hard, varied, realistic training—at night.

"Another thing we gotta keep working on is the technique of the assault stage of offensive combat. Our people do pretty well moving from the line of departure and up to short ranges of the enemy positions but then, when the supporting cover of artillery and mortar fire is lifted, we often bog down. Now this is the critical time in any attack. This is when we separate the men and the boys. When them overhead fires lift off the objective—then's when you assault troops have gotta move in fast supported by your own MGs, grenades, and everyman jack whoopin' and hollerin', firing his weapon offhand or from the hip. We must practice assault fire and marching fire and not, repeat NOT, get in the habit of hitting the deck and calling for more heavy support fires. When you get to within assault distance of the goonies—that's no time to get down on the deck. It makes you an easy target. **Move in!** Fire and move forward! Shoot and yell!

"Always follow close behind your support fires. They do you the most good when you can move in fast after they lift. Use all your firepower and **CHARGE!** And I never wanna see an outfit in this lash-up closing on an objective without every bayonet fixed —ready to be used." **END**



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 5]

fired short range battle practice with 12" gun (turret). I was gun-pointer on #5 turret, Captain Herman H. Hannekan was turret officer and First Lieutenant Edwin A. Pollock was assistant. We scored seven hits out of eight rounds. If anyone is still around the Marine Corps who was a member of that "Mad Battalion" 1st Bn., First Marines, USS *Arkansas* afloat during 1932, I would like to hear from them.

MSgt. Raymond M. Clarke
Marine Corps Recruiting Station
70 East Market Street
Akron 8, Ohio



• We are pleased to publish your letter, Sergeant Clarke. Unfortunately, because of space limitations, we are unable to publish the names of senior master sergeants.—Ed.

GUNG HO

Dear Sir:

Finally, I find myself writing to you! "Sound Off" has long been one of my favorite magazine features, and frankly, I sincerely believe that the edification gained through the medium, quite as profound, as that resulting from the keenest devotions to all of *Leatherneck's* other features—this is undeniably logical since, obviously no one magazine staff could possibly be expected to unfailingly anticipate the questions, problems, and diversified interests as represented by over-all reading consumers! Actually, in my opinion, the *Leatherneck* staff performs in a superlative manner to the latter extent.

Now, while I fully realize the inadvisability of doing so, I am going to stick my neck out by offering my



Work Goes Faster when you chew lively-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

Sink your teeth into a stick of Wrigley's Spearmint while you're working and see for yourself! The swell chewing satisfies your yen for "something good" — gives you a nice little lift— yet never interferes with the job you're doing. Result? Work seems to go faster, easier. Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

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PACK
IN YOUR
POCKET



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Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Age _____

Behind the lines...



SSgt. Gordon Bess

TIME was when the newsboy knocked on your door and handed you a calendar. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker also handed you a 12-page number-happy tablet, attached to anything from a pastoral scene to a blonde goddess with veil. Everybody gave you a calendar.

We remember well a weather forecast calendar given by a manufacturer of a famous nerve tonic—we often wondered about the relationship . . . Today, however, the deluge seems to have disappeared, but we still think it's a good idea for people to know what day it is. We asked Staff Sergeant Gordon Bess to check 1955 and come up with a dependable calendar for Marines. This month's cover is the result of his research and talent. And with this cover, we wish our readers a happy, prosperous and peaceful New Year.

'55 will mark the 38th birthday of *Leatherneck*, and with nine hash-marks on its sleeve, it has no thought of retiring. The years have brought many changes in the magazine since its boot days at Quantico in 1917. It began as a full newspaper weekly but, in 1918, was reduced to tabloid size. Demand and readership continued to grow and, by September, 1925, *Leatherneck* had become the Marines' magazine with a "slick" appearance.

For its editorial staff today, 1955 means another 12 issues of the finest *Leathernecks* we can give our readers. Our writers and photographers

will travel thousands of miles by plane, train, jeep or burro; wherever there's a story we think you'll like, our men will be there to cover it for you. 1,000,000 words will cross our desks for editing in '55. Our photographers will shoot about 14,000 pictures, of which we'll select 1500 for publication.

In the art department pens will scratch and brushes will glide over about 900 individual drawings and illustrations—in addition to routine layouts, paste-ups and hand lettering.

Productionwise, almost 400 tons of paper will be consumed and 10,000 quarts of ink will flow through the fountains of the presses.

Here in the office of the editors there will be the everlasting deadlines to meet, the same misspelled words—the same sentences ending in prepositions, the constant flood of proofs to be corrected, the jangling telephones and rasping squawk boxes, the submitted manuscripts to be read and accepted or rejected. But, whether we're selecting a poem, dreaming up a title, appraising a pin-up or choosing a cartoon, we dedicate the task to the pleasure of our readers and to the mission *Leatherneck* will always endeavor to fulfill . . .

Karl A. Schow

Managing Editor

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 7]

(temporarily lacking certain proof) contributions regarding the controversial translations of "Gung Ho." To my unqualified awareness, as I am only a dependent Marine (a Staff NCO wife), the currently popular slogan (Gung Ho) has through interpretations (solicited) come to represent—not actually "working together" but rather a completely overwhelming, extraordinary and over zealous affinity for devotions to unrestrained pride in absolute loyalty to outspoken convictions



regarding—and unfortunately most generally attributed to the quite youthful element consisting of 18- to 25-year-old utterly and confidently biased Marines' attachment for the Marine Corps. It's their unique and intangibly complete method of giving voice to their spirited allegiance.

Now, I fully realize that your translation might possibly be the officially correct one, but I can assure you without reservations, that the above stated description and explanation is the one maintained and intended and utilized by the overwhelming majority! For example, a young Marine who represents the epitome of MC perfections and who vociferously and unceasingly pours forth his loyal convictions as to the Utopian state reached through signing up in the Corps, only! As an uninformed civilian asks, "What's the story on that guy?"

He's abruptly and tersely addressed, "He's just 'Gung Ho'!"

I read, quite some time ago, a reference to "Gung Ho" and it was spelled quite differently — something like "Gheng Hao."

Joan E. Kurch
172 McCarthy Drive
Midway Island, Va.

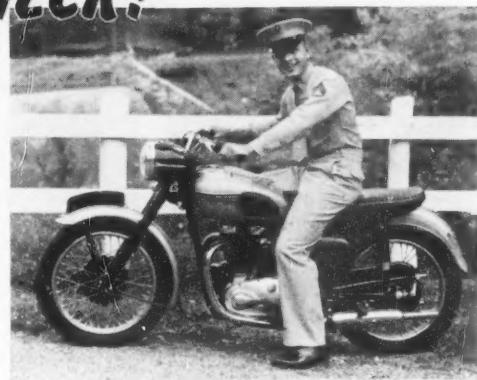
● The term "Gung Ho" (Chinese motto, broadly meaning "all for one and one for all") has no official status

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Corps Quiz

1. Marines and sailors have long been amused by the antics of the _____ on lonely Midway Island. The feathered comics are better known as "gooney birds."
 - (a) mongoose
 - (b) quail
 - (c) albatross
2. Draftees were first inducted into the Marine Corps during _____.
 - (a) WW I
 - (b) WW II
 - (c) the Korean Action
3. _____ was the sculptor of the Marine Corps War Memorial which was based on Joe Rosenthal's historic photo of the flag raising on Iwo Jima.
 - (a) Jacob Epstein
 - (b) Felix de Weldon
 - (c) John Gregory
4. _____, who was wounded during WW II while serving with the Marines, was recently reelected as U. S. Senator from Illinois.
 - (a) Paul Douglas
 - (b) James Devereux
 - (c) Averell Harriman
5. The M-1 Rifle was invented by _____.
 - (a) John M. Browning
 - (b) Samuel Colt
 - (c) John C. Garand



6. Under an order released at HQMC, _____ may request early discharge from the Marine Corps.
 - (a) all Staff NCOs
 - (b) Master Sergeants
 - (c) Privates
7. The Navy refers to its small _____ as jeeps.
 - (a) aircraft carriers
 - (b) submarines
 - (c) torpedo boats
8. In extreme cold temperatures, individual weapons should function best if _____ lubricants are used.
 - (a) heavy
 - (b) light
 - (c) no
9. "Old Gimlet Eye" was the nickname of _____, one of the Corps' most famous generals.
 - (a) Joseph H. Pendleton
 - (b) Smedley D. Butler
 - (c) John A. Lejeune
10. JATO means _____.
 - (a) jet-assisted take off
 - (b) Joint Allied Training Order
 - (c) Joint Air Training Operation



See answers on page 78. Score 10 points for each correct answer; 10 to 30 Fair; 40 to 60 Good; 70 to 80 Excellent; 90 to 100 Outstanding.

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

in the U. S. Marine Corps. It was adopted as the motto or battle cry of the 2d Marine Raider Battalion (under command of Lieutenant Colonel Evans F. Carlson) which was activated on February 16, 1942, by redesignation from the 1st Separate Battalion (formerly the 1st Battalion, Fifth Marines). When Marine Raider units, including the 2d Marine Raider Battalion, were disbanded early in 1944, the Chinese phrase "Gung Ho" remained in the Marine Corps but with an entirely different meaning. Lieutenant Colonel Robert D. Heinl, Jr., USMC, in his "Marine Corps Glossary" which was published in the Marine Corps Gazette of November, 1952, gives a very good definition of its present usage as follows:

"Gung-Ho: 1. aggressive esprit de corps; 2. sometimes sardonically employed to characterize cocky indiscipline or contempt toward orthodox procedures and regulations."—Ed.

WANTS TO REENLIST

Dear Sir:

It is now eight months since I have been discharged from the Marine Corps, and ever since, I have had a longing to go back. However, I have been told it is too late to reenlist and



hold my former rank of sergeant. Is it possible for me to join the Reserves and still hold the rank I held upon discharge?

D. M. Virgil
Espanola, New Mexico

● Former Marines may enlist in the Marine Corps Reserve at any time without loss of rank, provided they can meet all the requirements for enlistment.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 72)

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KEN DUGGAN

"I slipped when I snipped!"

Leatherneck Magazine



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

To avoid errors, all names and addresses must be printed or typed.

Compiled by
TSgt. Allen G. Mainard

Former Marine Ross L. Long, Box 193, Ft. Lyon, Colo., to hear from anyone who served with him in Wpns. Co., 2d Bn., First Marines, First Marine Division, from Feb., 1952 to Feb., 1953. He especially wishes to hear from **Doc DOOLIN**.

Calling All Marines!

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NEW YORK, N.Y.

Miss Joan Sargent, Box 201, Gauley Bridge, W. Va., to hear from Pfc Richard L. HUTCHES.

Sgt. Richard Gamble, MP Co., Hq. Bn., First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., and Sgt. C. D. Botts, MB, Bldg. 119, U. S. Naval Base, Treasure Island, Calif., to hear from anyone who served with the USS **Essex** Marine Detachment from Jan., 1951, to Mar., 1953.

Former Marine T. F. Boylan, 322 Glen Park Ave., San Rafael, Calif., to hear from Marine **R. L. HAMBY**.

Former Marine H. J. Tanck, Jr., 31 Mallon Rd., Dorchester 21, Mass., to hear from buddies who trained with Plt. 519, 2d Rct. Trn. Bn., MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., Sept. to Nov., 1952.

Pfc George Inouye, Jr., "C" Btry., 1st AAA, AW Bn., FMF, MCTC, 29 Palms, Calif., to hear from Marine **Eugene C. ELLIS**.

MSgt. & Mrs. George Cluff, 670 "B", MEMQ, MCAS, Cherry Point, N. C., to hear from **Lieut. & Mrs. Richard CASE** and **MSgt. William John BURKE**.

Corp. Arnold K. Kelty, H&S Bn., Special Services, MCRD, San Diego, Calif., to hear from **Corp. C. W. RUPP**, **Pfc Glen SHERMAN** and other former members of Plat. 48, (1953), MCRD, San Diego.

James S. Bourne, 315 S. 72nd St., Milwaukee, Wis., to hear from former Marine **Ramone B. PRICE**.

Pvt. Richard J. Seabrook, H&S Co., 2d Med. Bn., Second Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, N. C., to hear from Marines **Charles DAVIDSON** and **James GOLDEN** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Corp. Robert C. Schmidt, H&S Co., MB, USNB, Navy #128, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Dennis MONFRE**.

Mrs. A. W. Adt, 22 S.W. 30th Court, Miami, Fla., to hear from former Marine **Marshall D. SEAWELL**.

Miss Pat Nalepa, 12120 Lumpkin, Hamtramck 12, Mich., to hear from **Pfc Clyde M. JOHNSON** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine James S. Graham, 33 E. Monroe, McAlester, Okla., to hear from **Lieut. Robert L. GUNTER**, and **Corp. Charles FRABLE** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Jack S. Johnson, 12641 Filbert, Detroit 5, Mich., to hear from **Corp. William BOZEL, Jr.**

Former Marine Robert F. Kinsella, Box 45, Route 4, Sauk Centre, Minn., to hear from buddies who trained with Plt. 617, MCRD, Parris Island, S. C., during 1944-45. He needs information to establish a VA claim.

Corp. David C. Decking, "C" Co., 1st Bn., Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Francis P. TURKETT**.

Pfc Edward D. Joshu, "H" Co., 3d Bn., Fifth Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Donald KOLLER**.

Corp. James T. Smith, "G" Co., 3d Bn., Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, FMF, c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc H. J. RIDER**.

Miss Florence Fueelburg, 5721 Stratford Rd., Los Angeles 42, Calif., to hear from **SSgt. Jack (Smokey) BRANDON**.

Sgt. Louis C. Tebbe, I-I Staff, MCRD, 1300 W. Morehead St., Charlotte, N. C., to hear from **Sgt. Edward S. MASZCZAK** or anyone knowing his address.

Mrs. Carroll (Helen) Wright, Clinchfield Station, Marion, N. C., to hear from **Corpsman & Mrs. Nick FRESE**.

James O. Struck, Podua, Rd., Star Route, Danville, Calif., to hear from **Robert (Joe) SNIDER** and others who served with VMF-218 between 1943 and 1945.

Retired Marine David J. Jones, U. S. Naval Home, Philadelphia 46, Pa., to hear from anyone having information concerning **Sgt. Maj. BLAY** whom he knew about 25 years ago.

TSgt. Gerald O. Mallette, Hq., 5th MCRD, Henderson Hall, Arlington 8, Va., to hear from **Marine J. J. REICHERT** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

TSgt. Joseph T. Belcher, 614 Jackson Ave., Ardsley, Pa., to hear from former Marine **Vernon H. SHICK**.

* * *

Former Marine James A. Zirnheld, 2610 Garfield St., NW, Washington, D. C. to hear from **Corp. Jerome R. MARCELLUS**.

* * *

Corp. Louie A. Whidden, H&S Co., 3d Bn., Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Rufus H. SIMMONS** or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

Pfc C. R. Walters, Marine Corps Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, T. H., to hear from **Pfc Duane H. VOLK**.

* * *

SSgt. Billy D. Craig, Marine Corps Recruiting Sub-Station, Room 315 Federal Bldg., Corpus Christi, Texas to hear from **Charles (Chubbs) OLSON** and **James L. CORNWELL** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

* * *

Corp. John C. Morrison, NATU, Gunfire Support School, NAB, Coronado, San Diego, Calif., to hear from **Carl E. DUNCAN**.

* * *

Peter E. Riley, 1012 South 1st Ave., Maywood, Ill., to hear from **SSgt. Helmut ELIAS**, **SSgt. Louis BERLEPSCH** and **TSgt. R. PARRISH**.

* * *

Corp. Clyde Reed, "A" Co., 3rd Rct.-Trn.Bn., Parris Island, S.C., to hear from **Pfc John FRIDAY** and **Corp. David CRAIG**.

* * *

Former Marine Anthony S. Pozarelli, 2877 E. 104th St., Cleveland, Ohio, to hear from **Lieut. Ted J. WILLIS**.

* * *

Mrs. H. N. Darland, 1113 Cumberland Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla., to hear from **Marine Harlan Everett HALL**.

* * *

Pfc Charles E. Hopkins, MD, USS Princeton, % FPO, San Francisco, Calif., to hear from **TSgt. William HILL**, or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

* * *

SSgt. Willie P. West, Jr., Military Police Co., H&S Bn., FMF Lant, NB, Norfolk, Va., to hear from **SSgt. John J. CRAWFORD**, **SSgt. Charles SPEARS**, **Sgt. Charlie MONTGOMERY**, and **Sgt. Thomas A. SMITH**.

* * *

Harold P. Selzer, 309 Fairway Dr., Evansville, Ind., to hear from **Capt. Homer S. COPPEDGE**.

Howard L. McBride, Preston School of Industry, Box M, Waterman, Calif., to hear from **Pfc Bob L. EDWARDS**.

* * *

Miss Betty Alexander, Wakefield, Kans., to hear from former **Sgt. Bob TIDWELL** of Bastrop, La.

* * *

Sgt. W. F. McCauley, MD USS Lake Champlain, c/o FPO N. Y., N. Y., to hear from **Sgt. Emil ZERR** and **Corp. R. E. KREISER** or anyone knowing their whereabouts.

Former Marine Billy R. Barrett, Box 232, Route 2, London, Ky., to hear from **Pfc Frank HARGROVE** and other former members of Plt. 366, MCRD, Parris Island, S. C.

* * *

Mrs. Selina Fry, 335 E. Arbor St., Long Beach, Calif., to hear from anyone having information concerning her son, Marine **William L. FRY**. He was KIA at Yudam-ni Nov. 28, 1950 while serving with "F" Co., 2d Bn., Seventh Marines, First Marine Division.

END

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FIELD CORPSMEN



"A corpsman in the field has two objectives: to save the lives of the wounded—and his own."

IN ANCIENT GREEK mythology, the *Caduceus*—a wing-topped staff with two winding snakes—was a magic wand. No harm could come to its bearer. Today in the civilized world it is the symbol of medicine and healing, powers which still retain somewhat of a magical touch. But for the U. S. Navy Medical Corps, which displays the *Caduceus* as a token of its efforts in the medical and healing department, that's where the magic ends. To safeguard the lives of its doctors, dentists and corpsmen who serve with the Fleet Marine Force—and to increase their field efficiency—the Navy has left little to chance. That chore has been placed in the hands of a small group of Navy and Marine Corps personnel who staff the Field Medical Training Battalion at Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Every month of the year, an average of 120 corpsmen and 12 doctors and dentists report to the training battalion and its bewildering land-locked sights and surroundings. With the exception of the Navy uniform—which is quickly replaced with Marine dungarees and field boots—the students are completely severed from their past life in the Navy. They eat, sleep and live like Marines; carry an M-1 rifle through most of their waking hours; and go nowhere, except in smart formation under the close scrutiny of Marine troop handlers. And before the strenuous four-week course is over, they will have become a strange military combination—sailors who are equally at home in a compartment of a battlewagon or their own foxholes. They can make a night compass march, dig a head or unroll a sleeping bag and get a good night's rest in three feet of snow. They speak the jargon of the Marine, from the meaningful, "Semper Fi," to the gleeful, "You'll sleep with that piece!" as they point to an unhappy student who has dropped his rifle.

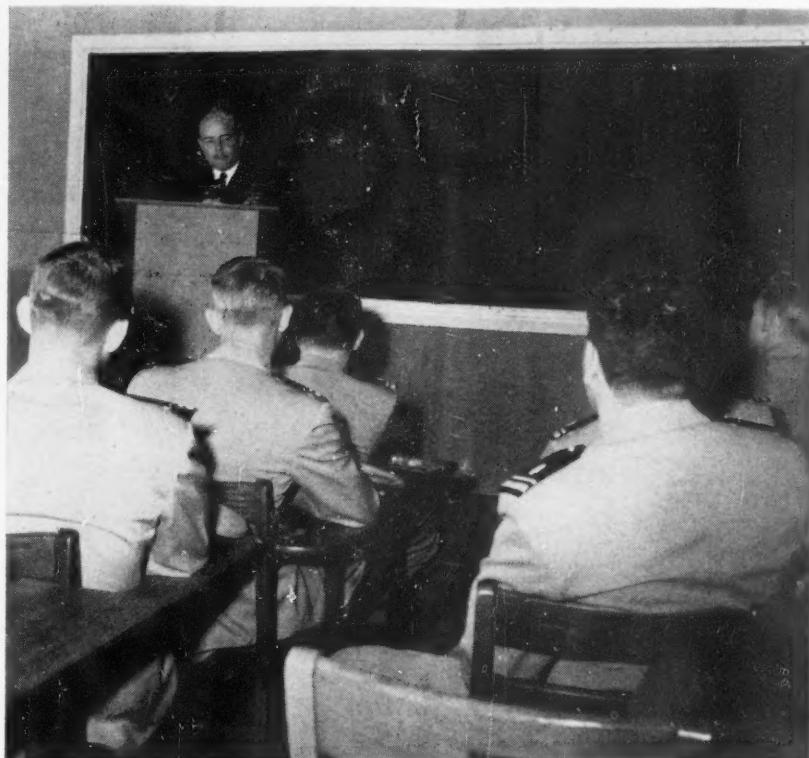
They have become as "Marine" as combat-tested Corps instructors can make them, and coupled with the newly-acquired field medical know-how, they represent a top intra-Corps psychological weapon. They have become the "Doc," the guy with the "funny" insignia on his dungarees. The guy who has made hundreds of night combat patrols, loaded with gear and literally carrying battle dressings clenched in his teeth. The guy who somehow is always around when the cry of "Corpsman!" is

TURN PAGE

Photos and Text

by **MSgt. Steven Marcus**

Leatherneck Staff Writer



LtCmdr. F. M. Morgan, CO of the Field Medical Battalion, makes sure the doctors and dentists reporting in for school are indoctrinated



Students eat, live, dress and act like Marines while attending Camp Pendleton's Medical Battalion School. DIs hold regular rifle inspections

CORPSMEN (cont.)

passed down the line. And in the cold, statistical column, he is the guy who has given the Marine Corps the lowest died-of-wounds rate of *any* infantry combat unit in the world.

The present day Fleet Marine Force corpsman and doctor training is a far cry from its pre-World War II counterpart. Corpsmen and doctors assigned to the First and Second Marine Divisions in the early stages of the war were sadly lacking in field knowledge and procedure. The Medical Department had little automotive equipment, surgical instruments or facilities.

But they were quick to learn.

The jeep ambulance was combat-tested at Guadalcanal and proved a huge success. Blackout aid stations and portable operating facilities were devised and became standard equipment



How to use a landing net is included in the FMF Corpsman's training with the Marines



The students receive a complete familiarization course in Marine Corps weapons during the four-week school

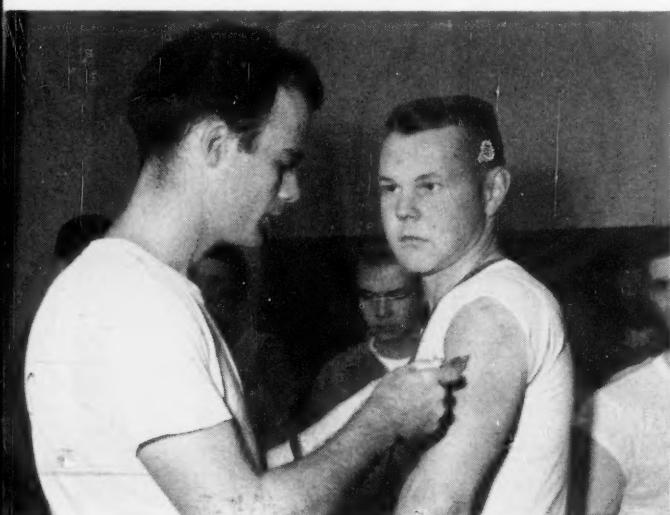




The future corpsmen of the Marines practice the infiltration course before doing it under live ammo



Two dummies, dubbed "Hubert" and "Herbert" lend a dramatic touch to field operating room class



Since all students must receive a full quota of shots before going overseas, they inoculate each other



The corpsmen receive intensive tactical instruction during the maneuver phase of the Battalion's school

for every medical company. Casualty handling and evacuation Standing Operating Procedures were written and further perfected with each subsequent operation. Training schools were established to prepare corpsmen for duty with the FMF. By the time the last gun had been fired and the surrender papers signed aboard the *Missouri*, the Navy had set a new standard in the handling of battle casualties; only four percent of men wounded in action had died as a result of those wounds.

With the end of hostilities, the military reverted to a peacetime leisurely

training setup, and along with hundreds of similar establishments, field training schools for corpsmen were discontinued. Then, halfway around the world in Korea, an army marched South across the invisible markings of the 38th parallel and all hell broke loose. As the First Marine Brigade loaded out for a look-see into the Korean doings, doctors and corpsmen were herded from up and down the West Coast to accompany them. Few of the medical crew had any experience in field medicine, and fewer were physically qualified for the days ahead. The old adage, "they learn

fast in combat" proved true, but not true enough. Corpsmen casualties during the early months in Korea were heavy—too heavy. Orders went out to supplement the training establishment at Camp Lejeune with a new school at Camp Pendleton.

By September, 1950, the Camp Pendleton Field Medical Training school was in operation and the first class of 80 corpsmen were busily absorbing "the word." The following month the school was moved across Highway 101 to its present location at Camp Del Mar. Since that time more

TURN PAGE



Camp Pendleton's famous hills are used for a three-day field problem

CORPSMEN (cont.)

than 10,000 doctors, dentists and corpsmen have completed the course and taken their place with Fleet Marine Force units. Each graduate is encouraged to send his gripes and suggestions back to the staff in the form of unofficial letters. Many of the letters have resulted in changes in the instruction, and in some cases, a complete new approach to the subjects has been adopted. Complaints that not enough time was spent in the field brought a widening of the physical phase of the course. Suggestions in the handling and treatment of frostbite cases brought a speedy change in the lectures on that subject.

Head man of the Camp Pendleton Field Medical Training Battalion is Lieutenant Commander Francis M. Morgan, a quiet-spoken veteran of service with the Marines in two wars. He served with the Seventh Marines in World War II, and in Korea in December, 1950, picked up his old ties with that same outfit as regimental surgeon. Since his arrival at the school 14 months ago, Cmdr. Morgan has made many changes in the training agenda.

"A corpsman in the field has two objectives," says the commander, "to



Students set up shelter halves near the "front" during bivouac phase

collecting groups, and to the native litter bearers. But a lion's share of the credit belongs to the front-line corpsman—the guy who trots in where some incoming has just found a mark, patches up the holes and directs the first move in the evacuation chain of life or death.

The four-week training schedule at the CamPen school is divided into two parts. Two weeks are devoted to the medical phase of training, and a similar period to military. Each class is divided into two groups and each assigned to one phase of the training. At the end of the two-week period, the groups switch to complete the cycle of instruction.

The two-week medical phase is

handled by Medical Corps Commissioned Warrant Officer Lawrence O. Keelan and eight corpsmen instructors. All are veterans of Korean action and hand picked experts in their specialties. Although all enlisted students have completed the five-month Hospital Corps school and some have as much as 20 years' background in the field, the transition to field medicine is a rugged one. Facets of medical training which are of little use or practice in a modern Naval Hospital are highly important in the field. Preventive measures in sanitation, mess gear sterilization, field hygiene and pest control draw their share of the classroom and outdoor periods. Students are taught the use of medical equipment not as pre-

save the lives of the wounded and to save his own. Before he can accomplish either, he's got to understand the workings of land warfare and the organization of the Marine Corps. He's got to think like a Marine—he's got to be a Marine."

And how successful has the Marine-making process been? Carefully kept medical records compiled during the shooting phase of the Korean war show that the died-of-wounds rate has dropped to an incredibly low 1.4 percent. Credit for this record in part belongs to many. To the helicopter and transport pilots who operated in inaccessible spots under flying conditions which should have left the sky strictly for the birds. To the shore party and

tentious as that of the hospitals, but adequate for the job at hand, and capable of withstanding the rough usage of the field.

Frequent amphibious problems on Del Mar's wide expanse of beaches enable the class to put into practice many of the theories learned in the classroom. Landing exercises, with designated students as casualties, allow the remainder of the class to set up an aid station, diagnose wounds composed of rubber masks and molds placed on the victims, apply splints, dressings and go through all the motions of administering plasma and start the chain of evacuation. During field problems the doctors and dentists in the class take their places in the aid stations and collecting centers, assuming the same duties they would undertake under actual combat conditions.

ting room has been set up, along with medical gear and supplies used in sick calls and carried by corpsmen during operations. The star performers of the display are Herbert and Hubert, two patients whose condition and diagnosis never change. Hubert suffers from a chest wound and other sundry lacerations, and Herbert is a victim of a gaping leg wound. Both are dummies, the work of instructor HM1 Robert W. Eilers, to add impact to the otherwise prosaic display.

The two weeks of military training is the rugged segment of the field medical course. Coming from Naval hospitals and ships of the fleet, the students find themselves thrust into the unfamiliar world of the Marine Corps for a concentrated boot camp stint. Military courtesy is stressed and barracks life is along Marine Corps lines

including the weekly field days and inspections. All formations are according to the manual, and the squads right drill is soon to be added to the training schedule.

The seven-man Marine instructor crew is headed by Captain Clinton Roberson, a KoVet. All the instructors, also KoVets, are staff NCOs, and all possess the necessary patience and understanding, although at times that patience is pushed to the breaking point. Master Sergeant Frank Despeghel, chief instructor, recalls one such instance.

"I told a student to get a tent down in a hurry," he recalls, "and the next time I looked at him he was *really* getting it down in a hurry. He was cutting all the guy lines with a knife." But for the main, the Marine instructors find their charges willing and able students, quick to pick up the Marine Corps way in the time allotted for the task.

Although medical personnel are classed as non-combatants, students receive a thorough orientation in Marine Corps weapons. This serves a dual purpose; it removes the mystery and possible inherent fear of firearms which sometimes lies within the uninitiated, and it provides the corpsman—if need be—with the tools to protect his patients. Sighting and aiming, correct positions, nomenclature and func-

TURN PAGE



An instructor fires blank M-1 ammo  for effect, at the rushing corpsmen

During the medical segment of the training, the corpsmen receive a concerted course in Marine Corps organization. They learn the chain of command and the makeup of the subordinate units. They are taught the missions of the Corps and the reasons the Navy furnishes medical support. They become familiar with the vehicles of the Corps—the tanks, DUWKs, LCVPs and LVTs. Exercises in the transferral of loaded litters from craft-to-craft and craft-to-shore give the students a taste of things to come.

Familiarity with field medical facilities begins in the medical display room at the school. Here a full field opera-

 A "casualty" gets plasma from a fellow student during the problem





Fast evacuation in combat can mean life or death to a wounded Marine. Techniques learned in Korea

and World War II are standard curriculum for this group of corpsmen sending a "casualty" to the rear



Corpsmen learn the value of this vital link in moving their wounded



CORPSMEN (cont.)

tioning are taught on the M-1, Carbine, .45 pistol, BAR and the machine gun. Familiarization firing is held on the M-1 and pistol, where the students also pick up the finer points of pasting up targets.

Basic Marine training is crammed into every minute of the schedule, from crawling the infiltration course with live firing overhead to proper procedures on the cargo nets. Squad and fire team tactics, scouting and patrolling are taught along with principles of defense and the history of the Corps. Students learn map reading and the use of the compass. After their classroom instruction they are tested on a two-mile compass march, complete with yardage designation and check points. Defense against chemical and atomic attack, mines and booby traps, and cover and camouflage are all included on the bulging schedule, with ample periods allotted for the Corps standby, weapons cleaning.

High spots of the field training come with the three-day bivouacs which are a bi-weekly event. Each student participates in two of these outdoor functions—once as a member of a medical field hospital group, and the other as a member of the military group. The maneuvers are held at a designated Field Medical Battalion training area in Camp Pendleton's rugged hills. Here everything is tactical. Sleeping bags, shelter halves and mess gear are the order of the day. And there is plenty of activity planned to keep the students from finding time heavy on their hands.

Arriving at the bivouac site, the medical group sets up a 60-bed field hospital, complete with portable X-ray equipment, field dental units and surgical tent. Their own shelter halves are set up on high ground overlooking the hospital, affording a defense against enemy attack if necessary. Meanwhile, the military group has set up a camp a mile forward in the hills. Throughout the three days and two nights of each bivouac, the students learn by day and practice by night. During the daylight hours the medical group reviews the fundamentals of splinting, battle dressings and care of battle casualties. They learn to distinguish night noises and practice the evacuation of wounded with a minimum of delay and con-



An aching tooth in combat can be as effective as an enemy mortar. The Navy's "Painless Parkers" provide modern treatment in the field

fusion. The military group spends its sunny California days absorbing combat, patrol, defense and attack tactics, all by the simple expedient of doing. Master Sergeant Despeghel and his instructor group lead their charges on five-mile hikes with full combat gear, organize problems in defense and attack, complete with blank ammunition and hidden charges. During the maneuver periods, all students receive the same treatment. Doctors and dentists pitch their shelter halves, carry packs and eat from mess gear or "C" rations when available.

At night, the situation in the training area undergoes a drastic change. With the coming of darkness the teachings of the day are put to realistic usage. The military group run night patrols, protect their bivouac area against infiltrators, and practice night displacement. Selected casualties are treated in the "battle" areas, and then are filtered rearward to the field hospital where treatment continues. In past classes attacking groups were permitted to overrun positions and close in for bodily contact, but that practice has been discontinued.

"The students got a little too enthusiastic," explains Lieutenant Harold G. Donovan, USN, the battalion executive officer, "and rifle butts were producing some *real* casualties."

Each bivouac is climaxed with a demonstration of an attack on a fortified position, with a helicopter from

the Marine Corps Air Facility coming in at the opportune moment to evacuate casualties back to the field hospital.

After graduation, students are transferred to the Staging Regiment at Camp Pendleton. During the season they undergo the cold weather training at Pickel Meadows, and in the off months, sail directly for the Far East with the next outgoing draft. Because of the critical shortage of doctors and dentists in the field, these categories are flown out from San (continued on page 64)

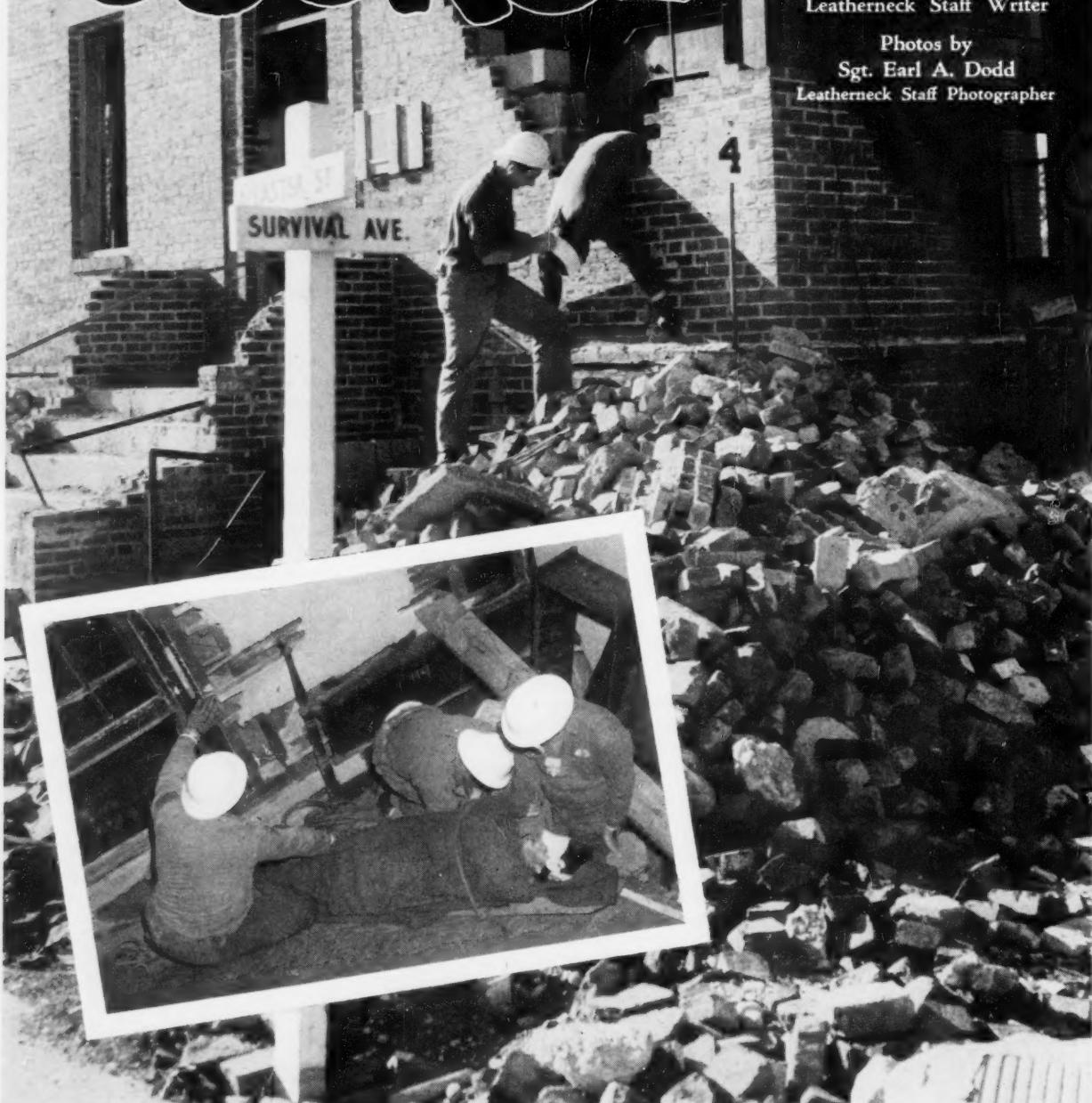


Doctors take to the field in the realistic training course

DISASTER COURSES

by TSgt. John P. McConnell
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
Sgt. Earl A. Dodd
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Stark realism accents training at Olney's Rescue Instructor School. Specially constructed buildings

and live casualties with skillfully simulated wounds afford students practical training with real value



Trained HQMC civilian and Marine personnel man the Navy Annex rescue truck. They are ready in

case an enemy should strike the Washington area. Other students will return to home towns to instruct

ABOUT 20 MILES from Washington, D. C., Uncle Sam has set up a school whose curriculum may save your life.

Most of the students at the Rescue Instructor School, National Civil Defense Training Center, Olney, Maryland, are civilians. If the Continental United States is ever A-bombed there will be hundreds of thousands of casualties. The purpose of the Rescue School is to save the lives of the majority of these casualties.

The United States has been spared bombing attacks in the past, and has little experience in the mass rescue field. The Federal Civil Defense Administration made a gigantic preparatory step with the Rescue School. Key personnel were sent to Europe and Britain to learn the business of survival in an aerial attack. These men have become the members of the faculty.

The students come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada. After they graduate and return home, these leaders will have the job of instructors in local Civil Defense setups. A heavy percentage of the student body includes policemen, firemen and safety engineers but some service personnel also attend. Many HQMC Marines are School graduates.

Mr. Arthur G. Hamilton, a Marine Corps Reserve lieutenant colonel, is Civil Defense director of the huge Navy Annex building which houses HQMC offices. If an enemy decides on Washington as a target, the Annex and the nearby Pentagon may be singled out for an attack. If this ever happens, the Marines at the Annex, along with trained civilian employees, will be ready.

Mr. Thomas P. Priolo, the director of the Rescue School, has packed the two-week course with practical work and a minimum of classroom time. Realism predominates throughout the training. The government has spent thousands of dollars for partially demolished buildings for the Olney students to use in training. Each of the structures is of a different architectural design. Included are a wooden farm house, a two-story brick row-house, a five story office building, a three-story apartment building and a theater.

Even the casualties are real—at least they're human. Jack Newlin, a World War I Marine, and an Olney instructor works over the volunteer casualties with his makeup kit. He makes the victims up to order; simulated compound fractures, face wounds, or just common

bloody lacerations are achieved with red paint, putty and embalming wax. The victims are hidden throughout the buildings and the student-rescuers retrieve them by approved methods.

Rescue is not a hit-or-miss proposition. It's a slow, calculated business which requires reconnaissance and sweat. The specific job of the rescue team is to get victims safely out of a bombed building to a nearby point where others can administer to their needs.

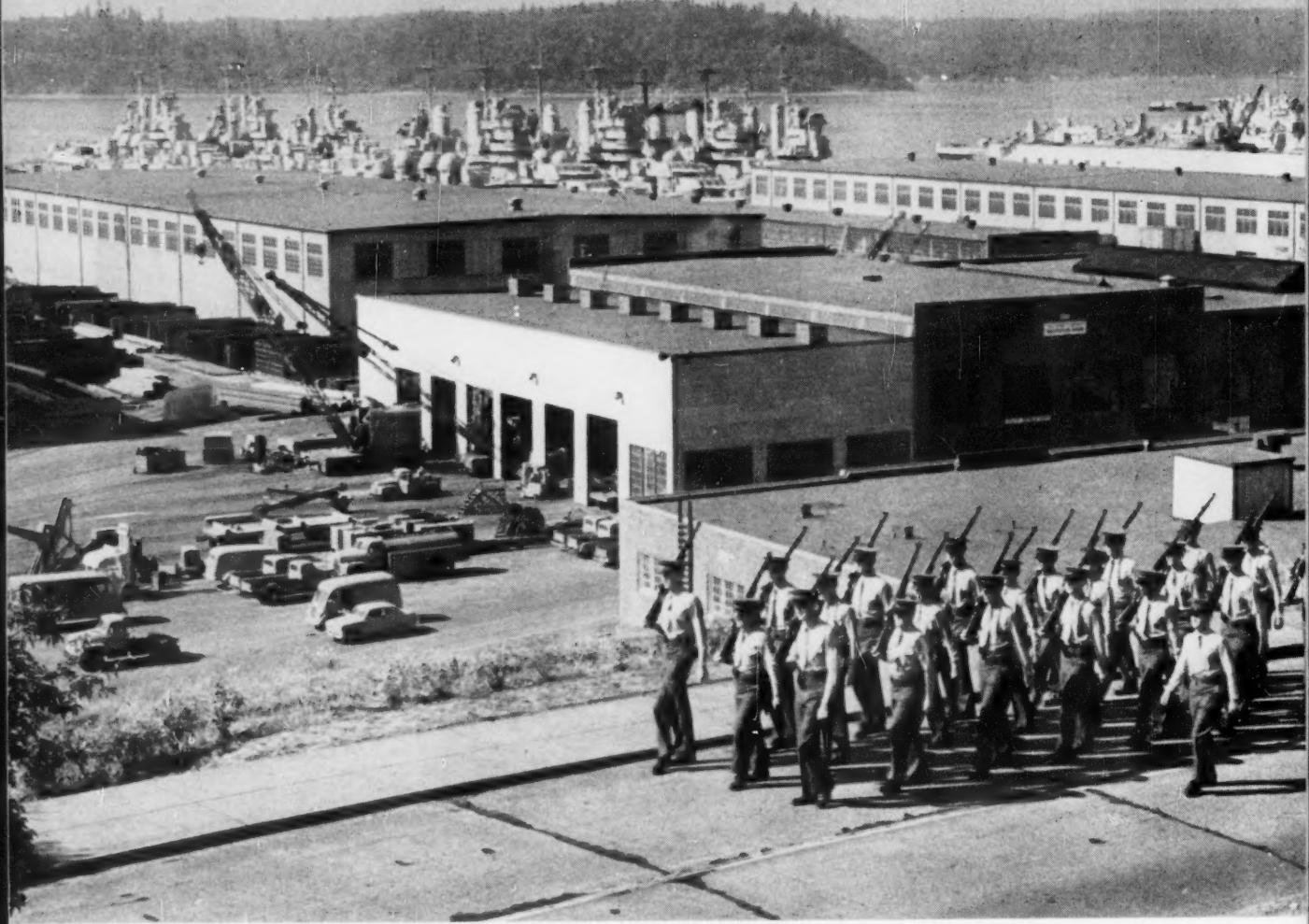
An untrained rescuer, one without a basic knowledge of structures, broken gas mains and live wires, stands a chance of getting himself and others killed. The School emphasizes the need for safety of the rescuer. Caution is never sacrificed for speed.

The students are taught every known phase of rescue work, including the handling of casualties, the use of ladders, rescue tools, stretchers and methods of tunneling, lashing and rigging.

The purpose of the school is to instruct leaders who will carry a standing operating procedure for rescue into the hinterlands.

If an enemy does bomb our cities, many Americans will owe their lives to a group of instructors at Olney. **END**

POSTS OF THE CORPS



BREMERTON

by MSgt. Steven Marcus
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by
TSGt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Washington



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IN THE SUMMER of 1896 the Colonel Commandant of the Marine Corps, Charles Heywood, affixed his signature to an order which was to mark the beginning of more than a half century of Marine Corps service in the Pacific Northwest. To the newly established Puget Sound Naval Shipyard at Bremerton, Washington, he ordered a small detachment commanded by First Sergeant George Carter, with the prime mission of providing security for the Yard. Through the years—although both the detachment and the Yard have grown in size and stature—that mission has remained unchanged.

The history of the Bremerton Shipyard dates back to 1841, when Navy Lieutenant Charles Wilkes surveyed the Puget Sound area, and strongly recommended its acquisition by the government. His report, which described the Sound as the "best harbor north of San Francisco," moved the Navy into further investigation of the possibilities of the then undeveloped Pacific Northwest. Subsequent land and hydrographic surveys painted glowing pictures of the Puget Sound potential, and in 1891, 190 acres of land were purchased for the sum of \$9500. Today, the Yard has more than doubled in size, and its value is now estimated at 119 million dollars.

Events of the passing years have left little doubt as to the value of the Puget Sound Yard to the Navy and to the security of the Nation. The importance of the new base was first

brought to the American public by blaring newspaper headlines in 1897, a scant six years after its activation. The Spanish-American War was in full sway, and the battleship *USS Oregon* had been ordered to join Admiral Sampson's fleet in Spanish waters. But an overhaul was necessary before the *Oregon* could begin the grueling voyage, and the only West Coast Naval establishment which could dry-dock a battleship of the *Oregon* class was the Puget Sound Yard — then barely trying its tottering legs for size. The success of the overhaul is now recorded in the pages of American history. The *Oregon* — in one of the most daring exploits of the Spanish-American War — dashed around Cape Horn to join Admiral Sampson in time for the Battle of Santiago, at that time a new 71-day record for the 14,700 mile sprint.

With World War I and the centering of Naval activity in the North Atlantic, the Bremerton Yard was out of the strategic repair area, and as a consequence, was switched from overhaul work to new construction. By the war's end, six submarines, 25 subchasers, and more than 1700 smaller craft had been launched or were nearing completion in the Yard. In addition, hundreds of recruits had been trained in the ways of the Navy, and vast amounts of shells and torpedo tubes had been manufactured and shipped to Naval activities.

Japan's sneak attack at Pearl Harbor in 1941 brought the Yard a new feverish pitch in workload and personnel.

TURN PAGE

A good portion of the Bremerton Yard's 14,000 civilian workers pass through the pedestrian gate under the watchful eyes of the Marines



BREMERTON (cont.)

Five of the eight bombed-out ships were brought to the Yard from Pearl Harbor, rebuilt into trim, fighting trim, and sent back to the war. A severe blow was dealt to the Japanese Imperial Intelligence staff when they learned that the *Tennessee*—reportedly sunk and damaged beyond all repair—was lobbing shells into the Japanese stronghold at Tarawa in the preparatory softening-up for the Marine attack. And later, on the other side of the globe, German defending forces at Normandy had a taste of Bremerton craftsmanship when the *Nevada*, completely reoutfitted and sporting 640 tons of new armament, added its hail of lead to the Allied invasion. In all, 344 ships of all types were repaired, overhauled and modernized at Bremerton during World War II, while the working force at the Yard reached a high of 32,000 with a weekly payroll of more than two million dollars at the peak period.

Today's Bremerton Marine Barracks is a far cry from that of First Sergeant George Carter and his handful of troops. As the Yard grew the detachment kept pace, and by 1900 security responsibility and increased personnel brought the delegation of command rank to that of colonel. A plaque hanging in the Marine Barracks lists those commanders, among them the distinguished names of Charles G. Long, Joseph H. Pendleton, Phillip H. Torrey, and the present Special Advisor to the Commandant, Major General Walter W. Wensinger. The 158-man detachment is currently headed by Colonel John E. Weber, a former enlisted

man, and winner of the Silver Star during the World War II Cape Gloucester operation.

The Marine Barracks at Bremerton is one of the oldest buildings on the station, and a landmark dating back to the early 20th Century. In the first years of the Yard, the Marines were billeted in a small building at one of the entrance gates. In 1912 the present barracks was erected—a sprawling red brick, three-story affair—which occupies the high ground overlooking the Naval Base and much of Puget Sound. The immaculately-kept lawns and shrubbery surrounding the barracks, and the open veranda running the full length of the building give it a sedate and stately appearance out of keeping with the bustling Navy Yard.

In addition to housing the seven squad bays and administrative offices of the detachment, the barracks contains just about every facility necessary for the well being and off-duty relaxation of the Bremerton Marine crew. It houses a mess hall and a galley, a recreation and writing room, a library, post exchange and bowling alley. A small club, serving light snacks and brew during the evening hours, and a large-screened television room keep the time from dragging for the stay-at-homers. And for those members of the Naval station who stay at home by order of The Man, a small brig is provided in the basement of the barracks.

Rifle range facilities for the barracks, nearby Marine facilities, and visiting firemen from ships' detachments are adequately handled at Camp Wesley Harris a few minutes drive from the base. From 1921 to 1933, the Yard shooters had no range setup, and utilized a makeshift arrangement in the boondocks outside the city of Bremerton. In 1933, the Federal Government leased a small range from the Kitsap Rifle and Revolver Club, and in later years, purchased the site for the Marines. It was renamed in honor of Marine Private Wesley Harris, a native Washingtonian who had enlisted in nearby Port Orchard and died of wounds received in action during World War I while a member of the Fifth Regiment in France.



History at Marine Barracks, Bremerton, dates back to 1896

Although not on a par with more pretentious counterparts, Camp Wesley Harris is one of the best known ranges of the Corps. Many of the early day Marine eagle-eyes served their appren-



Marines stationed at the Bremerton Naval Shipyards receive their regular quota of training. Emphasis is placed on defensive weapons for the Yard

ticeships there, and Bremerton contestants have copped shooting honors at many state and national meets. The range boasts 18 rifle and 14 pistol targets, and is set up to handle anything from point blank to 850-yard distances. Master Sergeant Eldo L. Lamm presides over Camp Harris activities as NCO in Charge, with a working crew of 16.

The range is normally secured from September through March, but this year, because of the shortage of Marine personnel in the Northwest, was closed in July and reopened for re-qualification shoots in the Fall. During the off-season, Sgt. Lamm and his crew—with the exception of two caretakers—move back to the Bremerton barracks, where Lamm becomes training NCO and the troopers take their turns at the gates. The range can billet and mess as many as 250 shooters in each re-qualifying contingent, and frequently provides them with a sight to be found in few places in the Corps. Washington deer, apparently aware that the range is situated in a game preserve, graze unconcernedly at the 100-yard line as strings of rapid fire burst overhead.

The guard section of the detachment—one officer and 93 men—devote their full time to the security of the Yard. In past years the Marine crew also attended to the inner security chores, and during World War II, hand-picked members worked with the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the prevention of espionage. But today inner security is delegated to a civilian police force, and the Marines devote their efforts to the six gates which carry the flow of traffic and pedestrians in and out of the base. Four gates are manned on a full-time basis while two are opened only for the morning and eve-



Sergeant Major Ray S. Bevans, an old-timer with the outfit, gave the new skipper, Colonel John Weber, a Cook's Tour of the Yard

ning rush hours.

Fourteen thousand civilian workers and hundreds of military personnel and their automobiles make a gate watch a rugged affair. During the evening rush hour, normal procedure is replaced by a bedlam of activity. Extra men are brought to the gates for the afternoon exodus, with 12 men required to handle the flow out of the gate leading into the city of Bremerton. An ingenious method of shaking down vehicles has kept would-be pilferers at a minimum. A Marine traffic director standing in the center of the outgoing vehicular traffic, selects cars at random and motions them into the shakedown lane. Even during the peak rush periods an average of every fifth car is given a thorough going-over from stem to stern, and since it is impossible to determine which autos will be given the nod, the situation seems to be well under control.

A new method of handling pedestrian traffic during the rush period has been under test at Bremerton for the past six months and has proved highly successful. At 1630 each afternoon, a whistle sounds throughout the Bremerton Yard. At that time, all vehicular traffic on the station comes to an abrupt

halt, and for the next seven minutes pedestrians are the cock of the walk. A whistle at the end of the period signals the beginning of vehicular traffic through the gates, but in the meanwhile, the bulk of the pedestrian traffic has cleared the station and is homeward bound.

The Bremerton Post Supply section is probably one of the most complete, all-round small units of its kind to be found in the Corps. Master Sergeant Ray Parnell, the Supply Chief, and his 17-man crew are the "can do" boys of the barracks. Their clothing room holds a complete stock for 200 men, including the new issue of blues for all hands. The armory houses the Marine Corps ordnance lineup from soup to nuts. M-1s. Carbines, .45s, 60-and 81-mm. mortars, light and heavy machine guns, rocket launchers and flame throwers in addition to the usual 782 gear neatly line the racks of the armory. Minor weapons repairs are handled on the spot by the detachment armorer, Sergeant Kenneth L. Sherman, with major work transferred to the base at Barstow.

In the chow department, Parnell purchases dry and fresh stores at the Naval Supply Depot at Pier 91 in Seattle. A

TURN PAGE



Marines reporting aboard stop off at the QM for their blues



During the Winter, when no shooters occupy Camp Wesley Harris, maintenance men patrol the area



Married Marines reporting to Bremerton find that housing is plentiful. The rents are reasonable, too

BREMERTON (cont.)

large deep freeze holds as much as a three-month supply of meats for the detachment, and ensures a varied bill of fare for the critical diners. Bread, cakes and pastry for the Marine crew are baked on the spot in the Post Supply two-man bakery. Technical Sergeant Richard H. Ruppell and his assistant, Sergeant Frank Pratt are at their bread oven early each weekday morning, and usually throw in a few pans of rolls, pies or cakes for variety. Casual gum-beating concerning the chow was noted, but in true Corps tradition, few of the moaners missed any of the mess hall formations.

Maintenance for the barracks is handled completely by the supply sec-

tion. They replace windows and doors at both Bremerton and Camp Wesley Harris, clean and weather-proof buildings, maintain and repair plumbing and heating, repair galley equipment, and even rewire balky electric fans.

Although musical instrument repair is not listed in the supply department category, a few carefully placed drops of solder in the machine shop have made a sour bugle as good as new for the barracks field music. Only one item—refrigeration repair—has stopped the crafty supply crew. "We just haven't got the gear to do the work," says Parnell, with a sad shake of his head. But from the looks of the maintenance shop, bulging the bulkheads with borrowed or scrounged equipment, it probably won't be too long until the refrigerator situation be-

comes a cool one.

The station brig, a 38-man capacity lockup, is composed of two compounds and six solitary cells. The Brig Chief, Technical Sergeant Cyril E. Gonzales and an eight-man crew adequately tend to the business at hand, which in recent years has been at a fairly low ebb.

Pay for the detachment appears twice monthly from the office of the Northwest Pay area, located in a small building at the rear of the barracks. Captain William M. Rogers and his 10 disbursers also pay most of the Marine activities in the 13th Naval District; at times this chore entails much burning of the midnight oil. During World War II the building was used to billet a small detachment of Women Marines, but reverted to the pay department in 1946 when the feminine contingent was disbanded.

Even with the full training schedule, inspections and guard mounts, the day-on-day-off with alternating weekends gives the Bremerton detachment a better-than-average liberty and recreation setup. Number one outdoor activity at the station is the watery pursuit of the elusive salmon. Marine Barracks Special Services stocks a full line of fishing gear and outboard motors, and arrangements have been made with six nearby boat houses to furnish boats to the detachment. A barracks fishing party heads out every Thursday, and to interest the troops in fishing, civilian experts are invited to lecture





Instead of driving around the Bay, most Marines prefer to take the ferry to Seattle. It takes an hour



Isaac Waltonites, especially those who like to catch big ones, would enjoy Bremerton's salmon fishing

on the finer points of the art. The fishing season reaches a fiery pitch each year with an assorted variety of salmon derbies, offering loot ranging from new automobiles and cabin cruisers to collections of fishing and hunting equipment. This year the Marine Barracks is adding its own derby to the melee, with prizes offered to the men or dependents coming in with the largest fish.

Hunting attracts a fair share of Marine fans who, during the season, have bagged deer, duck, elk and pheasant in the still fertile Washington hinterland. Shotguns and high-powered rifles are stocked by Special Services, along with skis for the outdoor types who prefer skimming over the nearby icy slopes of Mount Rainier.

A year 'round station sports program has brought the detachment a more than ordinary show in the winner's circle. The barracks bowling team has taken top honors in the league for the fourth straight year, and Marines always manage a fair representation on the base football team. In the Yard's 10-team softball league, the detachment battled to the top slot last year and finished second in the current playoffs. The detachment basketball team occupies the court fans during the Winter months, along with an indoor .22 range on the third deck of the barracks.

Liberty for the detachment ranges from good to indifferent, depending on the age and temperament of the individual. The nearby town of Bremerton

offers little more than bars, restaurants and theaters. But for the younger contingent, the Bremerton USO twice-weekly dances are a popular gathering spot. The majority of the seasoned liberty seekers—especially those owning automobiles—head elsewhere for their diversion. An hour ferry ride to Seattle, at a cost of \$1.50 for car and driver or 60 cents for walking passengers, provides a thriving metropolis and entertainment running the gamut from A through Z. The city of Tacoma is a scant 45-minute drive from Bremerton, where according to liberty experts, Marines are welcomed with open arms.

For the married men of the detachment, life is serene and enjoyable. Housing is close, available and reason-

ably priced, and shopping areas are plentiful. A Navy-operated recreational area—Camp McKean—offers boating, fishing, swimming and ample space for the small fry to whoop it up to their hearts' content.

The only possible drawback at Bremerton is the weather. Northern Washington is one of the wettest areas in the U. S., with nearby Port Angeles recording close to 100 inches of rainfall each year. Raincoats are a prime necessity for both watchstanders and liberty goers, but the only complaints against the ever-falling rain seem to come from the younger set. The old hands — still harboring memories of times and stations elsewhere—find little in the constant downpour to dampen their ardor for Bremerton duty. **END**





DEER MAW...



Deer Maw:

Wal, I imagine you has wondered what has happind to yore boy as I havint been home since I wint down to the settelmint 2-3 months ago to swap pockit nives. I allow as how Pappy is hoppin mad at me fer not comin rite back home to pick them peas and keep the mash stirred but Maw I got myself in the goshawfulist mess you ever seed. I got a boss what sez fer us to sit down an rite sombody as the homefrunt dont git enuf male. Dont git enuf? I sez to myself you mean dont git enny. So I will take this heer chance to explane my whurabouts.

Hit all startid as I wus a standin underneeth that there Cornfedurate Monumint in the settelmint a eatin' my usual dinner of moon pie when this heer Yankee soljer feller in a purty blue uniform and a drivin a low red and yellor trailer pulls up and sez to me he sez Sebenty Fi dollers and I sez rite back I'll take it and he sez sine your John Henry heer on this paper. I dont ritely no how com he wants me to rite John Henry but I allow as how Ill oblige him as sebenty fi dollers is an awful lot of cottonpickin money and is moren Id make in 2 year offn Pappys 12 and a half acre of tater hill cotton. So this feller sees I has writ John Henry on his paper and sez air you a wise guy and I sez no jest a ole country boy what needs the money. So he sez what is yore name and I tell him Zeb Rakestraw and he sez sine it heer. So I do and I sez what is my sebenty fi dollers. So he sez Rakestraw I dint say sebenty fi dollers I sed Semperfi Delis. Wel, Maw, I aint foun out til yet what that means but by then I has already sined my birthrite to that there Yankee soljer an it has begun to bother me a heap. Anyways, I gits in his truk an am releaved to find we uns is headin south to Jackson and Im tellin you I never saw so menny folks in one place in all my life. Anyways we go in this big tall billdin and theys a hole gang of these Yankees there and sines all around the walls what say Fust to Fite and jine a fitin' Outfit well I aint mad at nobody ('cept

may be Luke Reeder who still owes me fer a fruit jar of moonshine) but am worried about jinin' the Yankee Army as I tellst this feller I wants out and he sez this aint no Yankee Army its the Mareen Core and I sez Whew am I glad to heer that. Howsomer, I still dint no what it was an still dont.

Then they takes me into a nother room an some feller whose name is chief (but he dont look a tall lak ol Squattin' Buzzerd that there Chickasaw from over tother side of Cherokee Ala) wel chief sez take off yer clothes for yer fizzical. So jest to find out whatever a fizzical is I takes off my purina shirt an overalls as chief he proceeds to thump me all over and listen to my hart beet and look at som letters on the wal an all an he sez you stay heer whilst I call in Dr. Roberson fer consultashun. So whilst he is a gone I gits awful thirsty an decides to find the well so I steps out the door and sez to this young filly ma'm where is the water wel. This gal she lets out a wild screem an took out a runnin like ol Rattler behind a possum. Git back in that there examinashun room without yer clothes on yells the chief as does this other sawbones. I had plumb fergot bout bein nekked.

Wel, then a nother feller he begins to ast me a bunch of questions like How old air you and I tell him 17 an he sez you look somewhat older so I sez wel I quit school in the third grade when I was 17 so I woodnt pass up pappy. And he sez whin wus that. Four-five year ago I sez. Why is it you aint never been draftid in the militerry servise he asts. Well, sir I sez that there community of Buzzard Roost whur I live stands rite in the corner of Miss. Tenn, Ala, so noboddy could figger out witch state us Rakestraws belongid to. We will take keer of all that, sez some feller whose name was majer. We need you to make up

our quota. Step over heer with these other boys an I wil swar you in. Not me Mr. Majer I sez as I am not much on this swarin'. But he sez hit is only to say that I wil defend my country so I tells him yes-sir I'll do er, I'll shore swar by Buzzerd Roost an Tishomingo County. Wel, the next thing I noed I am on this train with all these other boys a rawhidin toward someplace nown as Paris Island and as I have ben heer a while I will say that hit dont look like that there pitcher of Paris what Pete Crawford has got on that calender in his genral store. As a matter of fact I aint seed a gal since I ben on this dad-blamed island much less one a kickin her laigs up hi. And flat! There aint a single hill to be seed nowhur evin if ye could see threw them swarms of sand flees that air as big as skeeters. Whur these people could hide a still I dont no.

Wel, the fust feller I met heer in Paris wus a big sargin (which air a posishun like genral) name of Mister D. I. Sir, who in his good natcherred way has ben givin me Holy Hallelooya becus I can not turn exactly when he sez to, which is a bout evry secont. He is saying left flank or rite flank er rear ho til hits a wonder he aint more confused than what he is.

Natcherly I got here with a few snorts left in my jug which I am never without and this Mr. D.I. Sir sez we air goin to hav a shake down which is his way of sayin he is goin to kerlect all shavin loshun and ready rolls fer hisself. He gets to me an sez do you allus carry a round a gallon jug of shavin loshun. Welsir, I tells him I never drunk none of that there loshun you talk a bout this is the genuwine Rakestraws home brew. He sez he must hav it fer his kerlectshun so rather than argue with him I let him hav the jug as he obvusly needs hit very bad. He also takes my sack of bull durm for we can only smoke when he sez which aint very much an we must buy ready rolls in the only store heer in Paris run by som feller name of Mr. MX.

The eatin heer aint like yore cookin Maw. They even call the food chow becus

TURN PAGE

Illustrations and Text

by
Vance Bristow



The feller whose name was majer tells me to step over with those other boys an be swar in. Not me

Mr. Majer I sez as I aint much on this swarin'. He sez hit is only to say I will defend my country

DEER MAW (cont.)

it aint close enuff to vittles to go under the same name. Howsomever, I has foun this one fancy dish which I like an it is chipped beef on toast. It is a good thing I like it becuz weuns git it evry mornin fer breakfast an fer supper to sometimes.

Fust week heer they went an shaved all the hare offn the top of my haid an sprayed me an giv me a bran new set of green overalls an a party green suit an some green unnerwears. They shore is death on green. I hated to see them fellers burnin my clean long handles as I hav only had them on since a year ago last september. They sez I must ware shoes if I am to be a Mareen. Only they dont call em shoes heer they air boondockers. But they shore look lak shoes. I sez, Mr. D.I. Sir, I caint ware these things as my preacher, Rev. Whittaker, back in Buzzard Roost sez that if the Good Lord had intended his chillun to ware shoes we wood a ben born with em on. So Mr. D.I. sez, boy snap out of yer civilian manur and git them boondockers on. Wel, alrite, I sez as these is bondockers an not shoes. Then he ties a rope called a feel scarf a round my neck an I figger Im tied to the spot an so I stand there 3 ours until Mr. D.I. Sir comes an tells me it is a necktie er somethin an not a rope an to git the sam hill bak to the area as the feel scarf is part of the uniform. It warnt so bad standin there 3 ours tho except when hit was rainin like cats and dawgs.

I notice some of the boys heer air livin in big houses called bariks but I am in a tint with 5 other fellows. This heer aint exactly lak Ole Chief Squattin' Buzzards

teepee but I gess itll do. There are a boy what stays in my tint from a town called Brooklin which is somewhur up in New Yawk an he is reel funny to listen to as he duz not talk lak weuns do. He is allus callin me Reb insted of Zeb so I finely tolle him that my name wus Zeb do you heer Zeb ZEB. We jest caint unnerstand each other whin he talks.

Things is party nice heer an I can even sleep til 430 er 5 but I am usually up at the usual time as I can not remember I dont hav no cows to milk.

They has been doin a few things tho they highly gits on a young boy's nerves lak having what they calls school only they air learnin us a bout wepons an hand gunades an sech like. Id give a party to bring one of these heer bazooka guns home as pappy could blast them revenoosers seven ways come Sunday. I tolle Mr. D.I. Sir I would like to git out of this heer school goin as I dont like it. If I had I wood not a quit the third grade.

They even tuk us to see a movin pitcher inside this great big house. No sheet nailed on the barn an a flappin in the wind. No maam aint no flies on this place. I were very ready to see a good cowboy pitcher but this one were all a bout city gals. I tried to leave an roll me a Bull Durn but Mr. D.I. Sir stops me at the door an sez I wil sit down or he will no the reason why.

The mostest fun I had since I ben aboard this place (that there aboard is some Mareen Core slang I has picked up like "the head" means outhouse). Wel, as I wus sayin the mostest fun were on this heer place called a rifel range but all it is a big shootin galry lak the one weuns seed at that there carnival in Iuka 2-3 year ago. But they say that fer two weeks we is gonna snap in. That there snap in is jest pract-

tising sittin down an holdin the rifel. Wel I sez to Mr. D.I. Sir (I allus call him Sir now as weuns is gittin party chummy only he dont think so) sir, I think I can sit down er lay down with the best of em an as I has helt a rifel oncer er twicet caint I jes go an lay down in the shade. An he spouts some Yankee cussin which I takes to mean no an go back an snap in. Wel, we finely gits ready to shoot som cartridges.

They puts a bout half a hunnred of us on a great big long line a shootin at these huge targits which I couldnt miss if I tried as hit were so big. These heer rifels air somethin called a M-one gun bullet lawncer an pappy would sho nuff like it fer pickin off them there federal agnts er at least them foodin Satterwhites down Itawambay way. Wel, the fust day out we dint do nuthin but zero in which is to say find out which a way the wind is blowin an can not keep scor. Mr. D.I. Sir got hisself all worked in to a lather whin I shot a bird thet shunt hav been flyin so low. He sez lucky shot wise guy but Ill bet you do not qualifi an I sez I dont no whut this qualifi means but if you sez I caint then I sez I can. So we bets five on whuther er not I pass my shootin test. The next day I shoots a 249 but I figgered my site was rong to make me mess up so bad so the nite I jest takes that hole ding dang fancy site off. Front to. The next day I duz cornsiderably better an qualifi on record day with only 250 pints as that is hi as they go. DI Sir pays me 5 an some general gives me a big cup an sez you mean you fared a posibul 250 pints with no sites. What did you use Kaintucky windage. An I sez no general sir but yer close. Fact is I never ben north of Buzzerd Roost, Tenn., Miss. or is it Ala.

I dont ritely no whut it is Im supposed to do with this heer cup as hit is to big to drink out of but hit has my name writ upon it so Ill brang it home an may be you can draw wel water with it, er branch water.

Then som noospaper name *Leatherdeck* sez that I can shoot party good an I sez you should see my Uncle Newt shoot as he aint got but one eye but he could a got 300 pints out of 250 on this heer range somehow. Anyways, they giv me a couple of fancy gold medels an som extra spendin money an a stor bought Winchester an a subscript to there core noospapers. I sez I hav a gooder squirl gun at home an if its all the same Ill jest take a pockit nife but this heer feller named Curnel sez go on take this heer Winchester as they aint got no pockit nifes.

Wel, I has this letter to let you an pappy no that they is lettin me an my peteon out on payroll or what they calls levee. In tother words I wil git to levee heer next week fer 10 days at Buzzerd Roost before I hav to go to Camp Legume.

I hop you all got the cotton picked all rite an I hope them pesky revenoosers aint a botherin pappy as I no how touchy he gits a bout sech goins on. But you tell him thet if he wants to blame some one fer me not comin home from the settelmint to stir the mash, tel him to blame it on this heer Mareen Core lashup. I wil close as I hav plumb writ myself into a frazzle.

Yore sun
Zeb



They giv me a couple of fancy gold medels an extra spendin money an a stor bought rifel. I sez Curnel I got me a gooder squirl gun at home

FUJI CLIMB

Photos by MSgt. J. W. Richardson

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

and

MSgt. W. W. Frank

by MSgt. Roy E. Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

FOR MORE THAN two thousand years the perfectly shaped cone of Mount Fuji, towering trademark of Japan, has cast its shadow on the sea level rice paddies that nestle around its base. Since 700 A.D. the volcano has offered a religious challenge to the Japanese population; the faithful, rich and poor, old and young, have dreamed of conquering its heights and worshiping under the Shinto shrine, high above the clouds which envelop Fuji's crown through most of the year. Annually, thousands of Japanese, from the northernmost island of Hokaido to lower Kyoso island, make the religious trek to central Japan turning their dreams into reality.

Third Division Marines, too, have been bitten by the mountain climbing bug. From July 1 to August 31, the official season for scaling the sides of this rugged piece of Japanese landscape, hundreds of dungaree- or green-clad Marines join the local populace struggling up one of the three main paths to the top. The Fuji stick, a five-foot length of wood usually purchased as a souvenir, becomes a necessity for the Marine climber when he reaches the steeper slopes only minutes from the base.

Although many Marines of the Third Division's Reconnaissance Company have formed small private parties and attacked the mountain as volunteers, they discovered late in September that the climb would be included in a training maneuver. The final order in the 10-day maneuver called Annex Able, was clear and to the point. It simply stated, "Climb Mt. Fuji and return to the company CP." Signed, Captain Edward B. McNeill, CO of Recon Company.

Ninety-four men, wearing their traditional camouflaged dungarees and armed with Fuji sticks, set out in the early hours of the morning to execute the order.

TURN PAGE



Captain Edward B. McNeill, Jr., skipper of the Third Divvy's Recon Company, led his men out of the seventh station enroute to Fuji's top



Tents were pitched in record time.
Snowless Fuji is in the distance



The company had hiked 6000 feet
to pass the timber line by sunrise



FUJI CLIMB (cont.)

Reveille for the "double timin'" Marines of Recon Company brought them rolling out of their sleeping bags and a half hour later the company started up the slope in single file. At the head of the column strode Capt. McNeill, veteran scout who learned reconnaissance in World War II as a first sergeant and later a first lieutenant in the Fifth Amphibious Corps' famed Reconnaissance Battalion. Fuji would prove to be a much higher hill than the sand dunes of the Pacific atolls or the mountains of Saipan but McNeill had confidence in the men under his command.

Ordinarily the paths leading up to the crater are well cleared of obstacles to make the route just a little easier, but in the past 10 days Japan had been buffeted by the strong winds of the 14th and 15th typhoons of the season. Eighty-to 100-knot winds had pounded Fuji-san with enough fury to send huge boulders crashing down the slopes. Many of them came to rest in the trails. Tons of water, unloaded from the storm clouds only the night before, had cut new ravines and gullies across the trail. Many of the Marines, veterans of their second and third trip up Fuji, were surprised to find whole sections of the trail obliterated by the storms.

Casual Americans visiting Japan as tourists have a sane approach in tackling the climb. They spend one day climbing halfway up, spend the night in one of the many small inns along





At the fifth station, Marines got their Fuji sticks branded. Each of the 10 hostels has its own mark

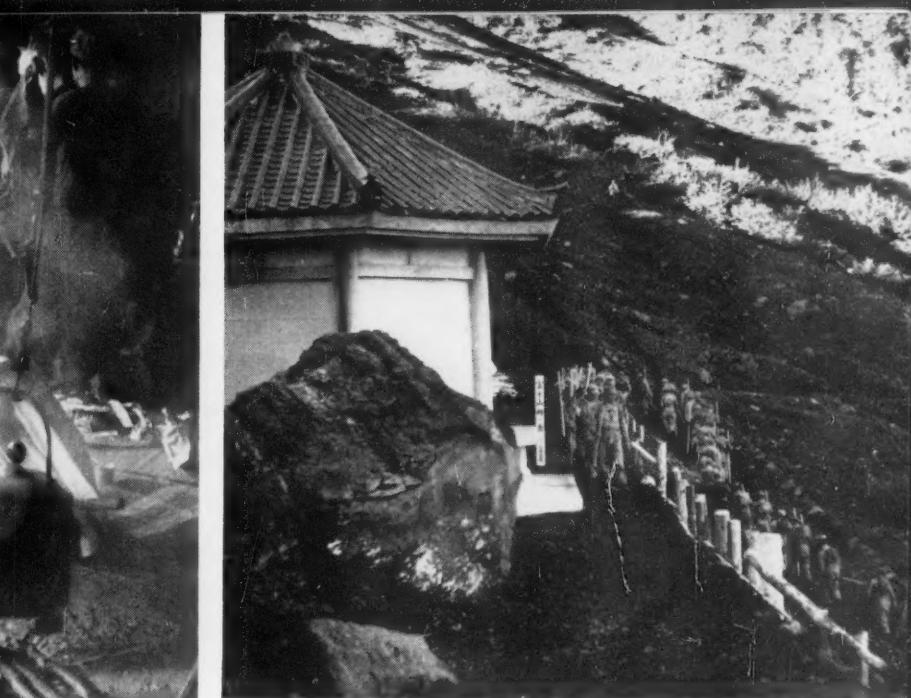
the trail and take up the struggle the following day. Only the Marines of Recon Company and the Japanese do it differently. The local citizens feel it is a sacrilege of the worst sort to reach the top of Fuji at any time other than the moment the first rays of the sun creep over the horizon. The Marines wanted to set a record; in order to do this, some of the climbing would have to be done at a time when only a cat would venture up the paths. Consequently, stumbling, cuss words and bruised knees and shins were not absent in the early stages of the climb.

Despite the hazards of climbing in the dark, the entire company reached the fifth station by dawn. With 10 stations in all, the fifth is about the half-way mark or 6000 feet above sea level. A break was called by Capt. McNeill and the troopers scattered to vantage spots to look over the countryside. Even from the fifth station lakes and small towns 50 miles distant were visible.

Even at this early hour the innkeeper at the station was up and around, putting the water on for tea and getting his branding irons hot, in anticipation of branding 94 Fuji sticks at 10 yen per stick. Each station has its own peculiar brand and successful climbers proudly show the brands on their stick to the uninitiated.

After their sticks were branded the

Above the clouds which hover around Fuji, the climbers had visibility for almost 100 miles



Tiny Japanese shrines dot the trail to the summit. To the natives, the climb is a religious pilgrimage

Marines broke out "C" rations for a quick breakfast before continuing the climb. The fifth station, just clear of the timber line, had been selected as the breakfast stop. From here the Marines could see the almost perpendicular sides near the top, the portion of the climb that would put to test the stamina of the company.

Although the Recon Company had been nicknamed the "double timin'" outfit for its ability to *run* through any assignment, the climb of Fuji called for different tactics. Capt. McNeill set the pace with a slow but ground-eating cadence typical of mountain climbers, to conserve the strength as well as the aching muscles of the lower extremities.

Throughout the climb the company stayed well bunched without any stragglers.

As Recon Company neared the crest of Fuji, rest periods became more frequent. From the sixth station on up to the top of the volcano the slope resembles a huge coral bed. The hard lava rock can cut into an ordinary pair of shoes and a misstep corrected by clutching a rock for support can lead to serious cuts.

By the time the Marines had reached the eighth station the thin air made the climb a chore that had chests aching along with the already strained leg muscles. From here the slope became almost a cliff with a 23.5 degree incline.

TURN PAGE





Six hours and 20 minutes after they left the base of the mountain, the Reconnaissance men achieved

their objective. The time set a record for service units but didn't beat the Japanese mark of 2:57:27



Captain McNeill and Tech Sergeant Bill Waltrip computed time of the climb



Staff Sergeant Robert Gutierrez wrote Recon's record on wall of last station



The jaunt down from Fuji's top was as strenuous as the climb itself. Different muscles were rushed into play to check sliding and plunging

FUJI CLIMB (cont.)

cline. Six hours and 20 minutes after the Marines strode out of their camp at the base of Fuji, Capt. McNeill led his men through the Japanese tori atop the mountain. The time was official and it would offer a challenge to other units of the Army, Air Force, Navy and Third Marine Division.

While there is no way to tabulate how many Marines have fulfilled the Japanese goal, the Twelfth Marines have 300 men in their one little private "I Climbed Fuji" club. Approximately 800 Marines of the Third Marine Division are known to have tackled the mountain during the official season. With the season closed and the Japanese sitting back waiting for warmer weather, the Fourth Marines are sending organized parties up the mountain as part of their training program and their eyes are on Recon's record.

However, it's safe to say that no Marine will duplicate the feat of one Japanese, Genam Mitsuaki. The slender little man practically ran the 15 miles to the top in the time of 2:57:27.

END



When it came to cleaning house, Drum's men discovered that no two situations are ever the same. Their systematic searching took them into every building and overlooked nothing that could hide the enemy

ALEX WRIGLEY, the tall, rawboned squad leader from West Manayunk, Pa., removed his helmet, ran a skinny hand through his thinning hair and quietly told Drum to go to hell; he didn't like the platoon sergeant's plan for the attack on Ilakla, an enemy town about to be taken by the Marines.

"What doesn't set straight, Alex?" Drum asked without bothering to take a cigar from his teeth. "Timetable? Zone of Advance? Objective?"

Wrigley glanced from the platoon sergeant to Red Mike Jeffries to Price. "It's none of them. You ought to know what's amateur, Drum. The 1st and 2nd Squads," he said, nodding at Price and Jeffries, "been up all the way from Wat-dee-yeah wherever we were when this push started. Now they're leading into that town and my squad's reserve again. They ain't got no exclusive on this war."

Drum tried to sound reproachful as he said, "We got one war—you want to start another in my platoon? Only this time you don't stand a chance. Cap'n Roper designated who-goes-where on this sojourn, but I'll keep you in mind next time."

Wrigley's grumble was legitimate, Drum figured; it was part of the spirit that prevailed in the 1st Platoon. He reiterated the situation for the squad leaders and stressed the assault plan the Baker Company commander had drawn up.

Ilakla had been deemed strategic to the Marine offensive and had to be taken to allow the drive to continue. The 1st Platoon's objective was the first block of houses on each side of a street which didn't have a signpost since the preliminary shelling. But it was defended by enemy troops who had to be cleaned out. Other units advancing into the area covered the platoon's flanks;

the men could serve their eviction notices without worry. When the block was secured, the 1st would be relieved by a reserve platoon passing through its lines.

Captain Roper assigned a machine gun section to the 1st Platoon to lay killing zones in the street and open areas, and to let the assault squads gain the first house on each side of the battered street.

"Town fighting means fast charging," Drum told his select audience. "While you're working, overlook nothing. Hit every house and don't forget the closets. And watch out for booby traps."

"I'll be moving up the right side of the street with Price's 1st Squad. Fry, here," he said, indicating the platoon guide, "will travel with the 2nd Squad on the left side. Wrigley, you'll probably be doing more supporting than reserving, so stay alive. Pass the dope to your squads and be ready to move at 0730."

Mortar shells were raining on the town when Drum moved his platoon into final position. He was wondering if their attack would be a surprise but dismissed the thought.

"Them buildings'd have to be solid stone to take this shellacking," one of the machine gunners said. Drum grunted. He had learned to be wary of early luck, but stared when he saw that the sides of the end buildings they would hit first were blind. Windowless.

"Sweep the edges of the roofs with your BARs when we make the break," he told Wrigley. The pair of light machine guns would cover the fronts of the two-story buildings.

Bits of masonry and wood were still flying when the Marines crouched low and began running for the houses. Price knelt near the corner of the building and splintered the front door with M-1 bullets while Drum pulled the pin from a

grenade and threw the bomb—high and inside, and waited for the concussion. The two fire teams followed them through the haze into the house.

"Upstairs!" Drum shouted, triggering his rifle at an enemy racing for the back of the house. Corporal Trout and The Kid headed for the stairs as Flick, another BARman, emptied 20 rounds into the ceiling.

While Shelby covered him, John Short rolled a grenade down the cellar steps and waited while the explosion rocked the building. Then the duo went down the stairs, muzzles first. The third fire team, finished covering the inspection party's entrance, moved inside and took positions at the front and rear windows. Drum took the reports on the run: Cellar and first floor clear.

Just as he reached the second story, a bullet dug into the wooden floor between his feet.

"On the roof!" Trout screamed but before anyone could swing a barrel upward, an enemy toppled through the opening in the ceiling and crumpled dead on the deck. Drum turned and looked out the window. On a roof across the street, Joey Santa was blowing acrid smoke off the muzzle of his automatic rifle; Thirsty Willix slid over a parapet to the next roof.

When most of the squad had gained the roof, the building was pronounced clean and Drum paused the men long enough to issue additional instructions. "Five more buildings on each side. From here, we work them from the top down but just remember—trouble ain't over!"

The systematic searching and cleaning took them through the next two houses quickly, but each succeeding structure was more heavily defended than the one before it. Several times, the two squads (continued on page 72)

E PARTY
by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky
Leatherneck Staff Writer



he BOP BOOT

by Paul Wagner

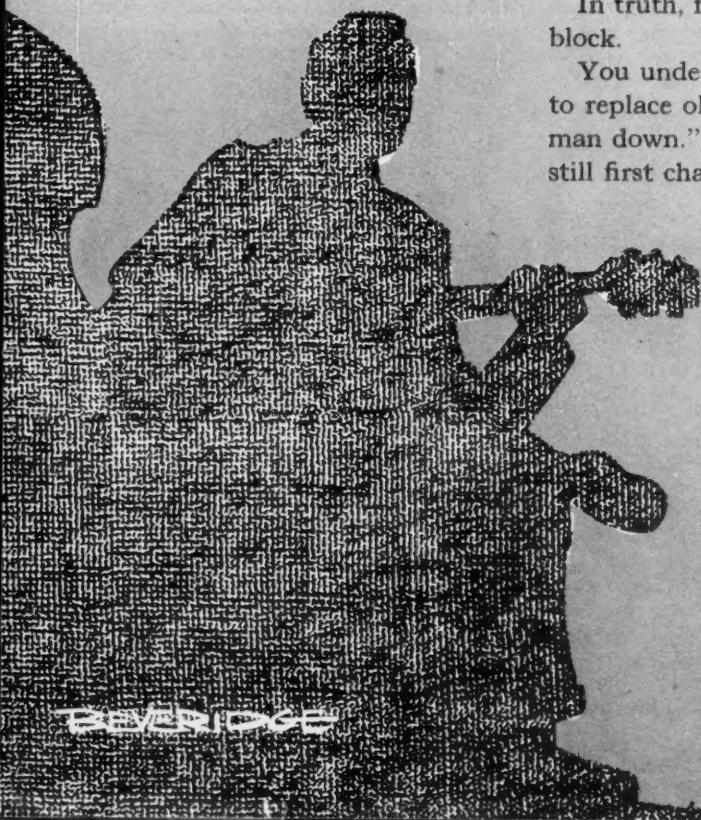
MAN, I WAS TENSE! I felt the worst, to say the least! My baby-boy-bopper, Castro, Jr., and I used to be the thickest. People used to point us out and sing, "What a crazy duet. Those two cats swing in the roundest harmony."

In short, it was—to borrow a square phrase from the long hairs—like father, like son.

In truth, forsooth, Castro, Jr., was a hep chip off the old papa block.

You understand he had a ways to go before he would be able to replace old dad. I mean, the tad still couldn't "blow the old man down." That is to say, yours truly, old daddio Castro, was still first chair in the family on the trumpet.

TURN PAGE



BOP BOOT (cont.)

But anyway he was no square. Huhuh, he was a mellow young fellow and with it all the way.

That was back when he was still in high school and blowing with us at the "Club 11" nights. We talked the same language then . . . really had a ball . . . but now he's gone. Dad, I mean real gone! He's jammin' for Sam in the United States Marines.

He'd only been diggin' that Marine Corps life for two months when I got the letter from him. That letter was what made me real nervous. Man, it bugged me. It really bugged me. What could they have done to my son, I moaned (in A flat,) that he should come on with such a letter?

Here's what the letter said:

"Ahoy Skipper,

"The D.I. told us we should turn to and write to our families on the beach. 'Aye aye,' says I. (What else could I say? The son-of-a-gun already made me stand extra guard duty for horsing around.)

"So here goes . . .

"Right at the moment I am sitting here in my skivvies thinking back over all the things 'Wha' hoppen' since I took the oath.

"At first I was all shook; but it doesn't seem nearly as bad now as it did then.

"I've made a lot of good buddies in my company. Of course, we've got some of the frustrated noncom type; but we gave 'em the deep six in the drink and now they stand clear.

"After the shots, the haircut, the uniform fitting and all the rest of that primary processing, we were formed into this company and we settled down to a routine that goes: rack out, chow down, troop and stomp, occasional classroom work, chow down, troop and stomp, troop and stomp and more troop and stomp, chow down, field day and finally taps. This all happens every day.

"Of course, it's the novel things which take place from time to time that make this-here-man's Corps such a fun game. Such as our first liberty when four of us boots hit the beach and met a couple of anchor clankers from a DD who were AWOL.

"The SPs caught up with us when they noticed one of these swab jockies waving a dead soldier around and singing Anchors Aweigh in pig latin.

"I really thought we'd had it. I figured we'd have to stand office hours at least; but the SP duty officer let us four boots go when we promised to high tail it back to camp.

"Getting back to life in the Corps, there's plenty of new and different stuff to get used to . . . like . . . keeping your gear stowed in its proper place all the time. If you don't, the D.I. gloms onto it and keeps it in the duty hut until you work it off.

"Something else that was hard for me to get used to is the rule that states when the smoking lamp is out, you just do not smoke!

"Another thing is, you have to keep your shaving gear stowed in your dirty bag at all times instead of leaving it scattered all over the head like I did at home.

"It seems like I spend most of my spare time washing clothes. Alla time wash, wash, wash.

"A lot of things don't seem to make sense; like having to get a chit to go to sick bay. Seems to me, if you're sick, you ought to be able to just go. But come to think of it, sick bay doesn't make much sense period!

"I went over there when I slipped and strained my stern . . . so what did those Navy corpsmen clowns do? They gave me a chest X-ray and swabbed my throat.

"Well, like they say, there's a right way, a wrong way, and the Navy way. That must be the Navy way.

"Guess what my cleaning detail is . . . the head. I usually wind up swabbing the deck. Can you picture that? Me, who never swung anything heavier than Gershwin, swinging a swab.

"We've got a first class rec hall here. There, we can buy candy, magazines, etc. And there's a music bay.

"What time I don't spend washing clothes, I spend in music bay. The only trouble is, they've got more (you should excuse the expression) hillbilly disc than they do crazy music.

"Last week we went over to Classification to get the word on where we go from here. I sorta hoped for a recon outfit; but looks like I'll be heading for the Marine Band.

"Well, Skipper, best I secure this scribble. Scuttlebutt has it that the Old Man, himself, might come around with the O.D. so we're having a general field day.

"Don't sweat me any. I'm getting plenty of sack time, mess is good, and I'm generally jake.

"My regards to Ernie and the gang.
Your hero,
Castro, Jr., USMC

"P.S. Say, Skipper, if you could see your way clear to stake me to a fin or two, I'd sure appreciate it. Pay call doesn't come very often and even when it does, they hold back most of our loot.

"Mail it right away!

Sincerely,
C., Jr."

So after reading it, all I could say was, 'What the hey?'

I didn't dig a word he wrote (except that P.S.—this I cooled.)

Right away I split for Ernie's (that's Ernie Cavanaugh. He's the hopster who fronts our combo.) I figure ol' Ernie-o-rooney can dig those lyrics if anybody can. (He went to college for two semesters.) But all Ernie could gasp was, "Wha-a-a?"

"Ya think he's been hittin' the tea?" he asked going over the note a second time.

"No, no, a thousand times no!" I screamed. "He's not that flipped."

"So all right, don't get frantic," he soothed.

"Maybe it's code," I offered.

"Um-m-m . . .," quoth he. "Did you try looking up any of these lyrics in Webster's little black book?"

"Webster? Who's he?" I asked innocently.

"Man, you're nowhere. Webster was the daddy of all lyricists. Cut out for the city library and ask 'em for his collection. They call it . . . Unabridged Dictionary."

I tripped for the book barn.

There, I cast a critical, and professional, globe through this collection, Unabridged Dictionary.

That Ernie was way off key on this Webster cat. His lyrics were from hunger. They didn't even rhyme.

Twenty-four measures later, with some help from a square Jane (literally and figuratively) who was making book at a big desk, I caught up a few of the code words.

Using the old smart, I started right at the top of Junior's scratch sheet with the intro. "Ahoy Skipper (it said) and write to our families on the beach" (it said).

Now the wheels started spinning. I flipped through Daddy Web's works and read:

ahoy, Ho there! A call used in hailing; as ship ahoy.

Skipper was next. Behind skipper it read in small print:

1. *One who or that which skips.*
2. *a fish having a long slim beak.*
3. *a cheese-maggot.*
4. *the master of a small trading vessel; hence, one in charge of any craft.*

Since the letter had been addressed to me, I figured that "skipper" must have meant me. Well, right away I cut numbers two and three, also four. This leaves me *one who or that which skips*. (Who me?)

Continuing with my Sam Spade bit, I swung on "D.I." To whit:

di, Gods; the gods.

Or:

di, prefix signifying twofold, double.

I decided on the first of the choices and progressed to "turn to." "Turn to"

is nowhere but just plain "turn." We got A la:

turn, 1. to become altered or transformed

2. to make acid; ferment; sour

3. to nauseate . . .

There were more; but number one, I figured, sounded like the straight jive.

And after "turn," I dug . . . "beach," meaning:

the sloping shore of a body of water; a wave washed margin.

You sharp rascal, I gloated. Now combo these and come on with the first line.

Here's how it read:

"Ho there, one who skips;

"The gods have told us we should become altered or transformed and write to our families on the sloping shore of a body of water."

Blah-vee-dah, I groaned. My little short hair has been duped! Either that or this square Webster is puttin' down jive that is really the worst.

Well, cat, right about now, I was hep to long distance it to Ike, himself. But who should swing in but ol' Ernie-o and he had another bopper with him.

This stranger wore a leopard-skin, one button roll sports jacket, chartreuse slacks with zipper cuffs, and platinum rimmed shades.

I recognized him, by his conservative taste, as a new drummer currently playin' at a club up town.

"Cas', man, we got it made," Ernie beamed. "Meet Vasoline Jefferson, who not only beats the skins like a thing

possessed but who is lately of the United States Marines."

We exchanged the usual bopster greetings and Vasoline said he thought he could dig Castro, Junior's letter.

"Gimme the kitten's scratchin's, man," he drawled. "Now lemme see . . . hm-m-m-m . . . Gates, this boy is way out. He say:

"Daddio,

"The leader man say we gotta give with the lyrics, so dig me, pops.

"I got pinched goofing and had to do some sentry time.

"When I picked up on this Marine jive, I didn't dig it; but, man, it sends me now.

"These cats I'm playing this date with are all reet. We got a couple squares but we cooled 'em, pops, we cooled 'em.

"When I first blew in, they gave me a real bop chop on top and a new set of threads.

"Our daily show goes—up and on at dawn, then we take a filler and drag and drill, then we feed and it's more march and feed again. Then it's clean the hall! hit the pad and flake out.

"But it's not all such a drag, daddio. The first time we cut for town we had a ball. We got stoned with some sailors who were wanted by the heat.

"It was a real gasser until the Navy police picked up on us for waving an empty juice jug and jammin' Anchors Aweigh.

"I thought the song had ended but the head man gave us the gate.

"Gettin' back to this Corps kick; you

gotta play it tight to come out all right.

"You can't blast a weed when they say no and you can't leave your razor layin' 'round on the flo'.

"Man, we gotta suds our duds all the time. It's a bum kick.

"You gotta folla the rules that the man put down, even when they seem nowhere.

"I got no eyes for the Navy hospital cats. When I came on with a bruise, they played it square; but maybe it's all in the music.

"I scrub the flo' when it's clean up time. Ain't that a wig?

"We got a mellow lounge with a bar and grill and a record shop.

"This platter parlor is with it; but they're loaded with square cuts.

"I had eyes for a real gung-ho squad but the front man's gonna keep me on the horn in the Marine Band.

"Well, daddio, the cats are singin' that the man who is the highest might buzz our studio so we're gonna clean up.

"Mellow greetings to Ernie and the cats. Bye-bob-a-ree-bop.

"P.S. Say, pops, wing me some bread 'cause, man, I'm the lowest . . . and that's all, daddy."

Well that's the picture, man. I feel mellow again, knowing that my boy bopper is all reet.

Isn't that Castro, Jr. a wig? Going to all that trouble just to shake up old dad. Why couldn't he have just come on with the news in plain old American talk in the first place? **END**



Gunny on the



Beach

by MSgt. Steyen Marcus

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by

T Sgt. Charles B. Tyler

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

GUNNERY SERGEANT Frithjof "Big Swede" Berg, U.S. Marine Corps (Ret.) is no long range dreamer. When he left the Corps in 1938, he had no ties with the future and his past was represented only by the retirement papers he carried with him. But today, through a chain of circumstances and the whims of fortune, Gunny Berg has found his future and a place in the sun. He and his wife, Norah, are beachcombers—probably the most famous beachcombers in the world.

Their mail and circle of friends extend to every corner of the globe, from the Comtesse de Jumilhac of Paris to the President of Ecuador; from the Prince of Kashmire to civil servants in Japan. And their Stateside mail deliveries include letters from government officials and sincere John and Jane Does from coast to coast.

When "Big Swede" Berg retired in 1938, he left behind a full life of adventure, travel, and no small amount of fame within the Corps. A hulking six-footer, with the blue eyes and blonde hair of the Scandinavian, he was almost immediately dubbed the "Big Swede." In later years, except for payroll and official signatures, he was known only by this appropriate nickname.

His career began aboard the USS *Buffalo*, a gunboat-transport, with ports of call throughout the Orient and Philippines, and his 30 years encompass tours in just about every country of the world where Marines were stationed. Berg has served in capacities from mess to gunnery sergeant, with his greatest fame and source of pride stemming from his years in the galley.

"I ran such a good mess at Quantico," he recalls, "that we had to post guards at the mess hall door to keep out guys from other outfits who were



Number One residents of little Ocean City, Washington, are Gunnery Sgt. Frithjof "Big Swede" Berg, USMC, retired, and his wife Norah

trying to sneak in and get a good meal."

And he remembers another incident when he ran too good a mess. As a battalion mess sergeant in France under Colonel Smedley D. Butler, he served the troops individually fried steaks for nine meals in succession. "They finally came to me and begged for a change of diet," says the 'Big Swede,' with a sad shake of the head. "So I went back to creamed beef on toast."

The Gunny's first move as Frithjof Berg, civilian, was to journey to Seattle, Wash. where he checked into a hotel room near Seattle's bustling waterfront. Here he met Norah Cross, widowed mother of two sons, and in whom he confided that he was waiting in Seattle only for his final retirement papers to

arrive in the mail. Looking back on the first months of their friendship, Norah now knows why "The Sarge," as she calls him, was waiting in Seattle. "His whole life was the Marine Corps," she recalls, "and he didn't really think they'd let him retire. He was waiting for a letter telling him that it was all a mistake, to get his uniform back on and get back to the Corps."

But there was no mistake. The official retirement papers finally arrived, and except for fond memories—and the monthly retirement check—the Marine Corps and Gunny Berg had permanently severed the relationship of 30 years standing. In the ensuing months Berg found little to claim his attention or interest. He continued seeing Norah Cross, and later they were married. The

TURN PAGE



Beachcomber Berg and his wife investigate a newly-found glass net float carried in by the tide. Floats may bring as much as five dollars



Daily accumulation of mail requires personal attention of the Bergs. Every letter and gift brought by the postman has been acknowledged



GUNNY (cont.)

Bergs settled into a dull, never-changing routine of life. While Norah Berg worked at her civil service job during the daytime, the Gunny prowled the waterfront, finding some degree of comfort in the sight of ships and the bustling activity, all reminiscent of his many sea-going years in the Corps. And then the final blow fell.

The Bergs were having breakfast on a Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, when the tranquil radio music was interrupted by the announcement of the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor. The Gunny bounded up from the table with an energy he hadn't displayed in many months and made a beeline for the closet where his uniforms were stored. In short order he had laid out a set of blues and was busily washing belts and gloves, and shining buttons. As soon as the uniform could pass his own critical inspection, Berg began pacing the floor, listening to the radio and muttering to himself. "It's just like those Japanese," he complained to a sympathetic Norah, "to start something on a Sunday when Marine Headquarters is closed."

At the crack of dawn the following morning, resplendent in his sharply-pressed blues, the "Big Swede" headed for the Marine recruiting office, although Norah had pointed out that it would be several hours until the office opened. Late that night, Berg returned home, but it wasn't the same man who had jauntily sauntered out earlier in the day. His shoulders were hunched and his face was a mask of despair as he recounted for Norah the events of the day. He had been shuttled from man to man at the recruiting office, until finally a young, polite captain had informed him that this was a young man's war. "Leave your address and we'll get in touch if we need you," the captain had said.

In the bitter days that followed, Berg spent his time in brooding. Norah tried to comfort him, and gave up her job to spend more time at his side. The "Big Swede" no longer joked or laughed or had time for conversation with anyone. The Bergs avoided their friends and lived a bewildered, unhappy existence. Then a small want ad, hidden in the classified section of a newspaper, changed their lives and their future. An insistent friend spotted the ad which advertised for a couple to work as caretakers of a beach resort in a remote section of northern Washington. The

Ex-Mess Sergeant Berg sips coffee; Norah pens autographs

Bergs reluctantly consented to answer the ad, and were hired on the following day.

Six months of almost around-the-clock work followed. The resort was run-down and in shambles. The Bergs became carpenters, painters, plumbers and jacks of all trades. When their work was finished, long after dark each day, they were content to flop into bed; the anxieties of the past were almost forgotten. Then with the coming of Fall the job ended, and they were faced with a decision. Go back to the city or stay where they were, close to the ocean they both loved, and try to set up a new life. The two Berg votes were cast for the latter, and they packed and left for the nearby settlement of Ocean City.

Today, 12 years later, the Bergs are perhaps the number one residents of Ocean City, population 200. The "City," a weatherbeaten settlement on the lonely, wind-swept coast of northern Washington state, boasts little in the way of big city mannerisms or sophistication. Many of the population are migratory fruit pickers who follow the crops in the season and return to the beach for the Winter clamping. Others, failing to adjust to city or regimented factory life, chose the casual beach existence where the sea provides many of the necessities of everyday living. But for the Bergs, the sea has provided more than just a means of augmenting their modest income; it has become the nucleus of a new way of life.

The first seven years of their life on the beach were filled with new knowledge and happiness for Norah and the Gunny. They lived in modest rented shacks close to the beach, learned to dig clams, trap crabs, fish for salmon and developed green thumbs in vegetable gardening. But best of all, they discovered the beach; Norah calls it "The Ragamuffins' Riviera."

Every day, rain or shine, the Bergs walk many miles on the lonely beach, each with a sharp lookout for treasures washed in by the ocean currents.

"Big Swede" looks for wood; smooth boards for tables, chests, cupboards and furniture; logs for fuel; and shingles for repairing the roof of the small home they are now buying.

Norah hunts the more aesthetic varieties of gear: colored glass balls from the nets of deep sea fishermen; unusual sea shells and oddly shaped rocks and stones.

In their years on the beach, the Bergs and their friends have found a multitude of treasures: hundreds of cans of

paint, canned foods and potted meats, life jackets, signal lights, fishing gear and miles of rope. Crab pots and floats which have broken loose are prized by the commercial-minded beachcombers, and are sold back to the fishermen. During World War II, so much canned meat was washed up on the beach that even the combers got tired of it and started passing up the cans.

It was all too apparent that the new life had all gone to the credit side of the Berg ledger. Wartime inflation had severely reduced the buying power of the Gunny's retirement check, but the garden, clams, fish and sundry items garnered on the beach enabled them to live comfortably. A friend gave Norah an antiquated Oliver typewriter, and she began a spirited correspondence. She wrote long, sincere letters to friends and to interesting people about whom she'd read in the newspapers. And then she wrote "the letter."

Leafing through an old copy of *Time* Magazine, Norah read the publisher's column, in which he summed up the typical *Time* reader as a successful family man, college bred, and very much on his way up the ladder. In a heated letter of rebuttal, she pointed out that she and her neighbors could hardly qualify as "typical" readers, and gave him a rundown on the life of a beachcomber. She concluded with the observation that the Bergs and friends were avid *Time* readers, nevertheless. Then she took the letter down to the

post office, and promptly forgot the entire affair.

Within a week, as Gunny Berg puts it, "All hell broke loose on the beach." *Time*'s Seattle office got in touch with Norah, and said they would like to come down, meet some of their typical readers and take a few pictures. Shortly thereafter, an entire page in the magazine was devoted to the Bergs and their life on the beach, illustrated by an unsmiling photo of the "Big Swede" and Norah. Then the avalanche began. Letters, postcards, packages, books, magazines and even poems descended on the Bergs. Almanacs, dictionaries and sets of encyclopedias had Gunny Berg squirming to squeeze his 250-pound bulk into the small Berg home. Friendly letters came from the heads of foreign governments and little people of all countries. Norah was determined to answer every letter, and received an assist by way of a gift of a new typewriter from the publisher and a steel filing cabinet from the Comtesse de Jumilhac of Paris.

Then came the letters from the publishing houses and magazine editors, asking for articles, stories, and more detailed descriptions of life on the beach. Prentice-Hall, a New York publishing house, finally signed Norah to do a book of her life with Gunny Berg and the story of the people who eke a living from the beach. The book became the chief project in the Berg home. Three (continued on page 70)

"Big Swede" makes a periodic inspection of his revered blues



Leatherneck Laffs



"Sorry, we don't believe in it!"

Leatherneck Magazine



"And now, while the Champ has been knocked to the canvas and is taking the count, let me tell you about that wonderful Burptz Beer!"



"Get them dishes up quick! Here comes the inspecting officer!"



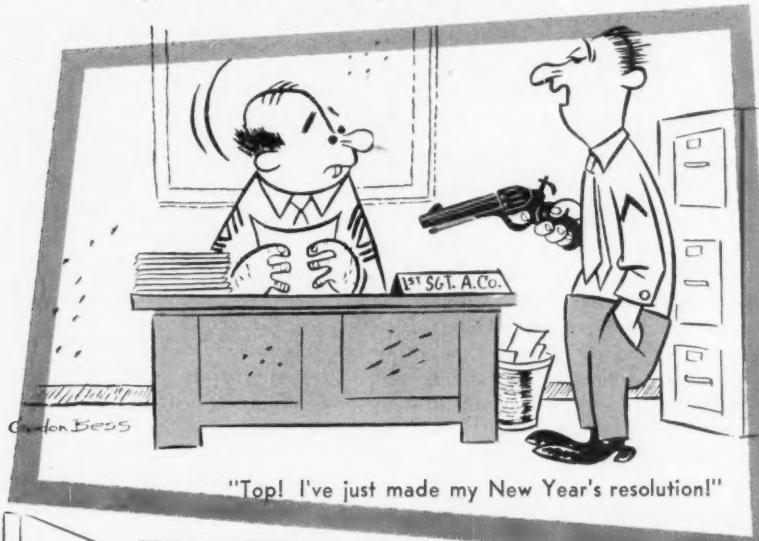
"Oh boy, Space women!"



"You'll have to speak louder than that, if you expect me to know what your trouble is!"



"Offhand, Sergeant, I'd say it was something you ate!"



Leatherneck Magazine



If I Were Commandant



Checks for \$25.00 have been mailed to the writers of the letters which appear on these pages. In future issues, Leatherneck will continue to print—and pay for—ideas expressed by readers who have sincere constructive suggestions for a better Corps. If you were Commandant, what would you do? Your answer may bring you a check. Jot down your suggestions and mail them to Leatherneck, P. O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C. They may bring you a check.

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would promulgate information which would clarify the reasoning which led to the new First Sergeant—Sergeant Major program.

Such information is necessary in order to avoid a grave decomposition of morale among the personnel who at present occupy the senior enlisted billets. The danger to morale is caused by the feeling that there is unfairness in the outline of experience which an 0149 must submit in order to request a change of MOS from the administrative field to one of the fields from which selections are to be made.

According to Chapter 6, Marine Corps Manual, an MOS will be voided in any case where the individual concerned has not performed the duties of that specialty for at least 90 days during the past four years. A pure interpretation of this regulation prohibits a claim to qualifications for a job which are based on any but active and primary duties prescribed in the MOS Manual for that job.

Experience has demonstrated that a properly run company or battalion demands the continued, active presence of the enlisted man who is most responsible for the correct performance of clerical and administrative duties. I think that no one who has seen a unit managed otherwise can deny the truth of my statement. If I am correct, it follows in reason that an 0149 who has directed his full capacities and energies toward the goal of efficient work performance

in the administrative sections of the units to which he has been attached during the last four years cannot qualify as a future First Sergeant or Sergeant Major under the present method of computing his qualifications. If he is thereby excluded from the competitors for the positions he has occupied so long, he will feel that he is either undergoing a demotion or that all the effort he has expended and the pride he has felt as top man in those units has been directed toward the maintenance of an illusion.

The principle of 90 days on the job in each four years can also be applied to many of the NCOs who have been occupying Fleet Marine Force billets as First Sergeants—Sergeants Major, while retaining their field MOSs. Are they not becoming increasingly disqualified according to Chapter 6, as field NCOs? It is well known that the administrative work load has tied them to their unit offices, too.

If the necessary qualifying experience were based upon study and examination, and that is evidently the manner in which the administrative knowledge for the positions is to be gained by the NCOs of occupational fields other than 01, there would be a far greater number of 0149s who could honestly claim the right to consideration. A good Marine NCO will keep himself posted on developments in combat tactics and methods even though he is not physically participating in combat training. Many of the NCOs of my acquaintance and myself have exercised this principle by study and observation whenever possible, and we have there-

by maintained our professional standing to the extent that we can demonstrate by practical work or examination a proficiency which would equal that of many field NCOs. Ability of this type cannot be reflected in a request for assignment of an MOS which merely outlines the historical and geographical background of an individual.

In addition, it is a strange system which provides for recording and evaluating the professional ratings of several Marines by using identical fitness report forms and identical methods of rating with no basic evidence of distinction between the importance of their separate occupations when such a distinction is in fact existent and shows itself in the program under discussion.

With the technical facets of this picture, there stand the circumstances of the past which have influenced the careers of the present day administrative First Sergeants and Sergeants Major. At the close of 1946, the change took place which leveled all first pay grade NCOs to the rank of master sergeant, thereby wiping out the small distinction which made First Sergeant and Sergeant Major worthwhile ranks. Although this was actually a reduction in rank for the Sergeant Major, I do not recall a single instance of bad feeling as a result of the action. The change was taken in stride and most of us continued to work as assigned with the satisfaction of holding our titles honorably through the respect and consideration of the officers and men with whom we were affiliated.

In 1948, the change from the old to the new classification system took place and practically all the old qualifications which the Sergeants Major possessed were cancelled. As a result, today our records reflect none of our abilities which were gained during our years of service prior to 1949.

It seems then, that many of the first pay grade NCOs in the administrative field have been undergoing a retrograding in their ranks which will be completed by the present program, and which will probably culminate by reducing them to the status of clerical personnel. That is a viewpoint which is completely different from the one which we are conditioned to regard ourselves.

I feel that with only 10 years of duty behind me as a First Sergeant-Sergeant Major, I am still quite junior, but at this station there is one man who has been a Sergeant Major since 1938 and another since 1940. There must be many more Sergeants Major and First Sergeants in the Marine Corps who find that as their experience in the 01 occupational field increases, the apparent likelihood of retaining their positions declines proportionately. Paradoxically, the most junior of us with the most recent experience in other occupational fields is seemingly the most qualified for promotion to the senior enlisted posts of the Marine Corps.

MSgt. Thomas J. Minahan, USMC

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would publish and issue an alphabetized Form Catalog or Manual containing all of the forms used by Marine Corps personnel. With this catalog or Manual a person in the administrative field would be able to locate the type of form used by the Marine Corps.

I have just finished the administrative chiefs' course at Parris Island, and have found that a person, when relying on a manual or catalog, will just about always make the correct entry on all forms.

In almost all offices in the Marine Corps today, there are bound to be mistakes and a lot of this can be eliminated by the use of the correct form. Many persons who are new to the administrative field do not know one form from the other and thus are confused in the proper pro-

cedure in filling them out. But with a manual, a person could find out by looking at a correct sample contained in this book, thus saving the Marine Corps time and money by doing it right the first time. . . .

The distribution of this manual would be down to company level.

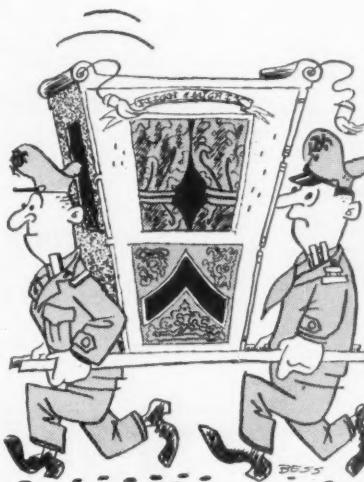
Sgt. John G. Johnston, USMC

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would issue as my first duty, three General Orders. This is what they would mainly consist of:

1. That all Marines would be required to know and personally fire all basic infantry weapons.
2. I would also have an order issued to the effect of setting up a rotation type plan where the administration, tank, infantry, and artillery personnel would rotate with each type of occupation.
3. I would issue an order to the effect that all Marine Corps posts and stations set up an NCO leadership school where men would be taught everything as outlined in the foregoing orders and the overall operation of the Marine Corps and its primary duties.

SSgt. Donald L. Zumwalt, USMC



Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would release the capable, fighter-trained pilots from flying the light horse-power observation type aircraft. Thousands of dollars have been spent on training these men to handle the larger aircraft. A great many men in the ranks hold pilots' tickets for

just this type aircraft. These men are already trained, some under the GI Bill, and some have paid for their own training.

This would save the government a great deal of money and utilize the talents of a great many enlisted men. These men would not have to be commissioned, and would serve a good cause.

TSgt. Norman Miller, USMC

Dear Sir:

If I were Commandant, I would revise the current system of distribution of all Marine Corps Manual Changes, General Orders, Memorandums, and Bulletins so that it would conform with the Navy Directive System. These changes to publications would be sent out to the field on a biweekly basis. In that way the Commanding Officer and administrative staff personnel of posts and stations would know that every two weeks a transmittal sheet with the directives enclosed would be forwarded to them by Headquarters, Marine Corps. This would assure the Commanding Officer that his Manuals and Directives were as of the last transmittal, up-to-date.

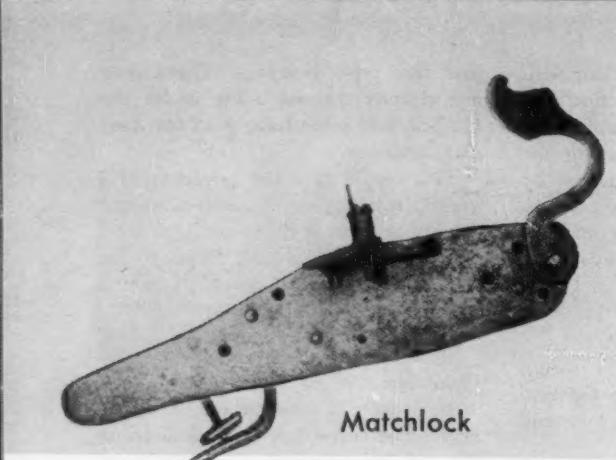
Under today's system a Commanding Officer, or personnel of his administrative staff, cannot be certain that the last change to any publication is the most recent one because there is a chance that the mailing of that change was never made or that it may be lying in someone's file basket. By using the Navy Directive System he can check the last transmittal sheet and *know* whether his Manual is up to date.

I also believe that there would be a more general dissemination of knowledge to the personnel involved; it would cut the time of filing different publications from a day-to-day basis to twice a month. In the end it would cost the Marine Corps less money for publication changes since changes to Manuals, Orders and Memorandums would be consolidated on a transmittal sheet rather than being sent out separately.

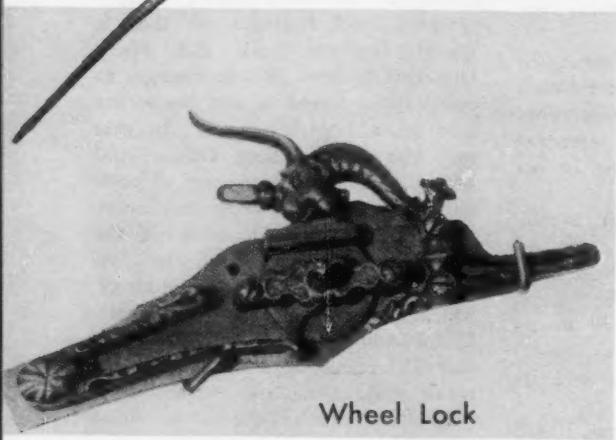
I'm sure that other Marines working with both types of publications have noticed the Navy Directive System is a much more dependable system even though it may reach the field later than a Marine Corps Publication change because of the regular biweekly schedule.

Sgt. Norman H. Anelli, USMC

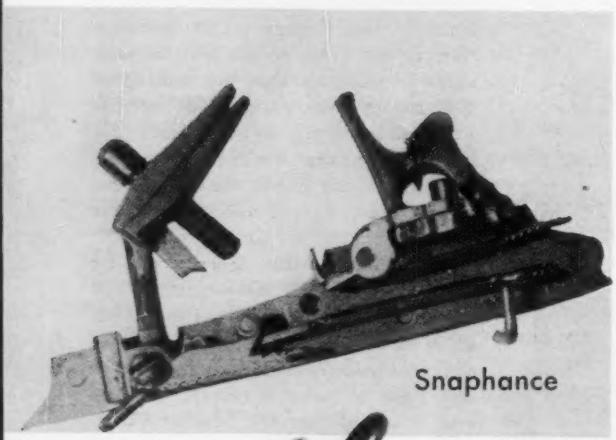
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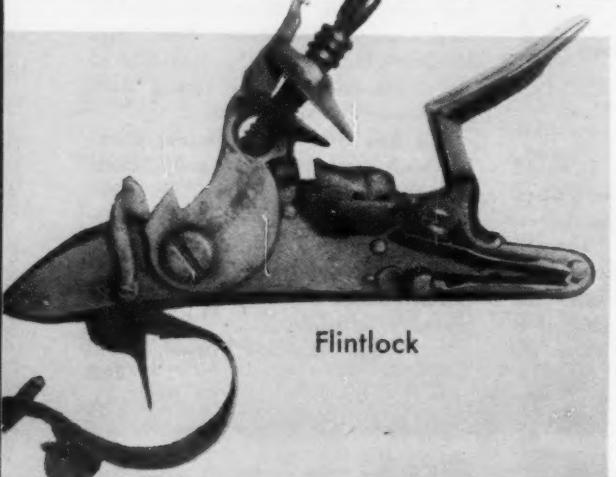
Matchlock



Wheel Lock



Snaphance



Flintlock

the story of the rifle



Part I

by
Robert H. Rankin

Photos by
MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

Since time began, man has sought a better way to hit his enemy from afar

FROM THAT FAR distant day, when man first picked up a rock and hurled it at his enemy, the search has continued for improved means of accurately hitting the enemy at extended ranges. This search progressed from the sling shot, to the bow and arrow of classical times, on through the famed longbows of the English archers and the European crossbows, to the hand cannon and, eventually, the modern military rifle.



Charleville Musket



Springfield Musket M 1795

The advent of gunpowder with its explosive properties was destined to be one of the most important developments in the history of the world. There is considerable question concerning its origin as well as its first use as a propellant for projectiles. Some authorities contended for years that gunpowder was exclusively Chinese in origin. History reveals, however, that while the Chinese, Arabs, and Hindus of antiquity did have various *incendiary* compounds there is nothing in the record to prove that they had or used explosive compounds.

Gunpowder in itself, of course, could accomplish little. It remained for some unknown genius to devise a means of harnessing its explosive power. References to *guns* appear in manuscripts of the 14th century. History mentions a cannon which was built in the town of Amberg, Germany, in 1301, indicating that the cannon may have been the first weapon to use gunpowder.

The first trace of *hand* firearms appears toward the middle of the 14th century. These were small portable hand cannon, weapons consisting of a crude metal tube fastened to a piece of wood which could be held against the body. In the top of the rear of the tube was a touchhole through which the powder was fired by means of a "match" of cotton or hemp which had been soaked in saltpeter or wine lees.

This crude weapon was considerably improved when it was discovered that a bent stock would dampen some of the recoil. The stock was then gradually lengthened to allow the piece to be fired from the shoulder, a feature which permitted sighting the weapon for the first time. The method of firing was also improved in the meantime by locating the touchhole at the side of the tube and providing it with a little pan to hold priming powder. Later a cock and trigger arrangement, the *matchlock*, was developed to bring the lighted match to

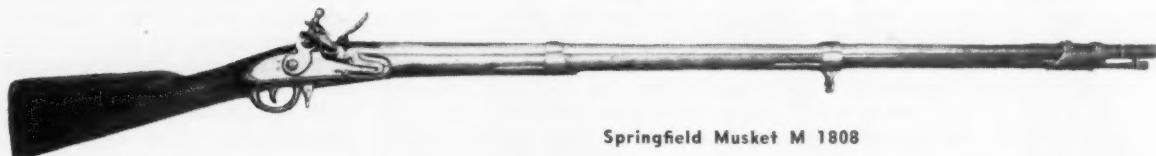
the powder in the priming pan.

The weapon, with its shoulder stock and matchlock, which gradually evolved, was a distinct advance over the crude hand cannon and was named an *arquebus* (from the Italian *archibuse*, which in turn probably stems from the Dutch *hackbus* meaning "hooked butt").

The typical arquebus was about three feet long and weighed 10 pounds. The bore was around three-quarters of an inch in diameter, although this varied greatly. The effective range of this muzzle-loader was extremely limited, not only by lack of standardization of bullet and bore but by the unreliable quality of the gunpowder available at the time. The arquebus was strictly a dry weather affair; the slightest moisture rendered the match and powder charge useless.

A need for a heavier weapon had been felt for a considerable time by military leaders, and by the middle of the 16th

TURN PAGE



Springfield Musket M 1808



Springfield Musket M 1835

RIFLE STORY (cont.)

century, the Spanish had developed a much heavier piece, the *moschetto*. The first of these crude muskets was nothing less than a monster; it was six and a half feet long and weighed around 40 pounds! This muzzle-loading matchlock required the services of two men and its barrel was supported by a forked stick some four feet long planted firmly in the ground. Almost three minutes were consumed in loading and firing the piece, and its accuracy was always doubtful. It possessed some advantages over the arquebus in that it did have increased muzzle velocity and a greater range. Gradually the length and weight of this weapon were reduced to some five feet and 10 pounds. This, of course, made it easier to handle, and one man could use it.

The rate of fire of the musket was now around two minutes. In order to

Although the wheel lock was a distinct and important improvement over the matchlock, it was a complicated and expensive affair. These factors delayed its immediate displacement of the matchlock.

In the meantime the search continued for a simpler and less expensive method of firing the piece. Shortly after the beginning of the 16th century the *snap-hance* (or *snaphaunce* as it is sometimes spelled) was developed. The derivation of this name has several explanations, perhaps the most popular being that it stems from the Dutch word *snaphans* which is descriptive of a fowl snapping up a kernel of grain, an action similar to the operation of the snapping lock. The snap-hance consisted essentially of a cock which held a piece of flint; when the trigger was pulled the flint struck the hammer (a piece of serrated steel), sending sparks onto the priming pan below. The cock was actuated by a strong spring com-

veloped, it was known in England as "Brown Bess" (because of its browned barrel), and was the strong right arm of the Red Coat infantry for years.

The rifling of hand firearms first appeared in Germany as early as the beginning of the 16th century. The name *rifle* was derived from the German *riffeln*, meaning "to groove." There is some conjecture as to just what prompted the idea of cutting a series of parallel grooves running straight through the bore instead of spiraling. Some authorities maintain that this is good evidence that rifling was first introduced to provide spaces into which fouling from powder charges could collect until the shooter could conveniently remove it. Since fouling was a very serious problem in early guns, this explanation is logical. A number of students on the subject maintain, however, that rifling was the result of deliberate experimentation, and was intended from the first to spin the bullet as it



obtain anything like a continuous rate of fire it was necessary to have a formation of musketeers, at least five ranks in depth, with one rank firing while the others went through the subsequent steps in reloading.

An advance was made during the middle of the 16th century with the appearance of the wheel lock. The cotton or hemp match, as previously noted, was extremely vulnerable to moisture and the need for a more reliable method of firing was directly responsible for the new invention. Briefly, the wheel lock consisted of a key wound coil spring which actuated a serrated steel wheel. When released, this wheel turned rapidly against a piece of iron pyrite held in the jaws of the cock. The resulting sparks ignited finely ground powder in the priming pan. The priming pan itself was fitted with a sliding cover which was shoved back before the man pulled the trigger, releasing the wheel.

pressed by drawing the cock to the rear where various devices were used to retain it in a cocked position until released by the trigger.

Around 1650 the snap-hance was improved by combining the hammer and the priming pan cover in one piece. When the trigger was pulled the hammer and the pan cover pivoted sharply up. In the meantime, the cock descended onto the hammer, causing sparks to fly into the pan. This arrangement protected the priming powder from wind and rain. The new lock mechanism was known as a flintlock.

In addition to protecting the priming powder from the elements, the new lock possessed the essential qualities of cheapness and ease of manufacture. Although first used only by special troops, the flintlock soon gained universal acceptance and completely replaced the snap-hance. It remained the main infantry arm of European armies for almost two centuries. As later de-

passed through the bore, giving it stability and increasing its range and accuracy.

Although the advantages of rifling were known for a considerable period of time, the principle was not generally used until after the advent of the flintlock. One of the largest obstacles restricting its early use was the difficulty of loading a rifle from the muzzle as compared to a smoothbore. A bullet large enough to prevent gas leakage around it had to be hammered down the barrel so that it would fit the grooves. Even then the fit was far from perfect and the hammering often distorted the shape of the bullet causing it to be erratic in flight.

The superiority of the rifle, particularly as a military weapon, was long recognized, yet the mechanical problems involved in grooving the tube, as well as the time consuming labor required to load the piece, precluded its extensive use.

During the Revolution the British relied mainly on the official Tower Musket ("Brown Bess"), while the Americans procured their arms from a variety of sources. The 13 Colonies, through their Committees of Safety, outdid themselves in trying to obtain arms. Orders for muskets were farmed out for the most part to local gunsmiths, rarely for more than 100 each. It is estimated that at least 200 gunsmiths got into the act at this time. Since these arms makers were not able to produce anywhere near the large number of guns required by the Continental Army, it became necessary for the government to use any arms, available from any source. "Brown Bess" was obtained in limited quantities by seizure of enemy ships and arsenals, while various European arms of rather doubtful performance were brought into the country by smugglers. Among other things, this hodgepodge of muskets of varying calibers precluded the use of a common bayonet and seriously complicated ammunition supply problems.

A lack of standardization of arms, even of one type, was not at all peculiar to this country. For instance, it was not until around 1812 that Great Britain finally got around to standardizing gun parts, and it was not until 1859 that the process was complete. Prior to this, the parts for British service muskets were procured from a variety of sources, with gun barrels being supplied by local gunsmiths in Germany and Ireland, as well as in England.

Eventually, through the good offices of Benjamin Franklin and his influential French friends, it was arranged that the Colonies be supplied with the official French Army Musket, Model of 1763, in quantity, known as the Charleville musket (after the Royal Arsenal at Charleville).

In all, the French furnished some 80,000 stands of arms to this country. The larger part of these were the Model of 1763; however, some earlier models of the regulation French musket were also included. In common with all muskets, the French piece was of doubtful accuracy; the weapon was effective only at short ranges. Soldiers of the period were taught to hold their fire until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes. At 50 yards or less it was almost impossible to miss a column of troops or any single mass of men. Efficient reloading brought the average rate of fire up to two or three rounds a minute.

The difficulty of loading the rifle from the muzzle, and particularly the time consumed in the operation, had discouraged acceptance by European armies. Meanwhile, however, the Amer-

TURN PAGE



Harpers
Ferry
M 1803

Harpers
Ferry
M 1842

John Hall
V.S. Rifle
M 1819

RIFLE STORY (cont.)

ican frontiersman had developed a new method of loading which greatly simplified and sped the process. This consisted of placing a bit of greased cloth or leather over the muzzle to serve as a temporary wrapping for the bullet which was placed on the greased patch and then driven home by a few light strokes of the ramrod (thus doing away with the necessity of using a mallet as in loading the smoothbore). The greased patch made the bullet fit the grooves more closely, acting as a gas check to utilize the full force of the explosion. While the speed of loading still lagged behind that of the musket, the advantages of range, accuracy, and penetration could not be disregarded.

The frontiersman used the extremely long barrel Pennsylvania rifle and its later counterpart, the Kentucky rifle. In the hands of the backwoods patriot, skilled in its use, it was a most deadly weapon, as the British were soon to realize. The American Frontier rifle was not excelled until the perfection of the breech-loading rifle some 75 years later, and it played no small part in achieving final victory for the Americans. Unfortunately, only a comparatively small number of these rifles were available during the Revolution. It is estimated that fewer than 30 gunsmiths throughout all the colonies were capable of making it, and their output was limited to not more than four or five guns a year.

Until the Revolutionary War the rifleman, on the rare occasions when he was used, had been employed as a special auxiliary—a scout or sharpshooter. The deadly potentiality of the rifle prompted the Americans to form rifle outfits.

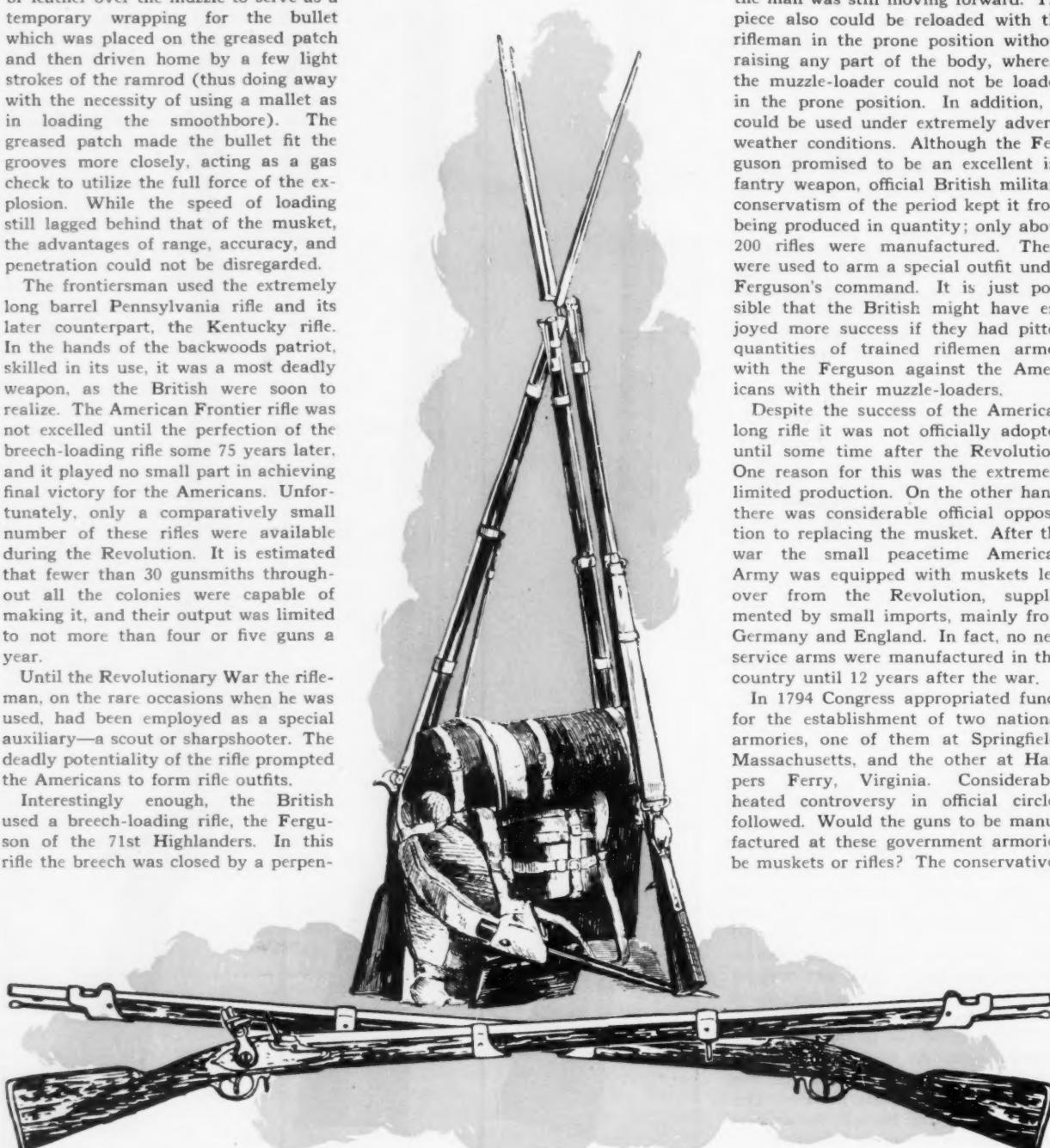
Interestingly enough, the British used a breech-loading rifle, the Ferguson of the 71st Highlanders. In this rifle the breech was closed by a perpen-

plug to descend below the bore, leaving an opening at the top of the breech. The arrangement was such that the plug could not come clear of the action. In loading, the piece was held with the muzzle down, the trigger guard turned

then poured into the chamber and the trigger guard was rotated in the reverse direction, causing the plug to ascend and close the breech. No wadding or patch was required. This weapon was very accurate; and a rapidly advancing rifleman could fire four *aimed* shots a minute; reloading was possible while the man was still moving forward. The piece also could be reloaded with the rifleman in the prone position without raising any part of the body, whereas the muzzle-loader could not be loaded in the prone position. In addition, it could be used under extremely adverse weather conditions. Although the Ferguson promised to be an excellent infantry weapon, official British military conservatism of the period kept it from being produced in quantity; only about 200 rifles were manufactured. These were used to arm a special outfit under Ferguson's command. It is just possible that the British might have enjoyed more success if they had pitted quantities of trained riflemen armed with the Ferguson against the Americans with their muzzle-loaders.

Despite the success of the American long rifle it was not officially adopted until some time after the Revolution. One reason for this was the extremely limited production. On the other hand, there was considerable official opposition to replacing the musket. After the war the small peacetime American Army was equipped with muskets left over from the Revolution, supplemented by small imports, mainly from Germany and England. In fact, no new service arms were manufactured in this country until 12 years after the war.

In 1794 Congress appropriated funds for the establishment of two national armories, one of them at Springfield, Massachusetts, and the other at Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Considerable heated controversy in official circles followed. Would the guns to be manufactured at these government armories be muskets or rifles? The conservatives



dicular threaded plug. The trigger guard was attached to the bottom of this plug in such a manner as to serve as a handle with which to turn it. One turn of the trigger guard caused the

forward, opening the breech, whereupon the ball was dropped into the opening left by the descending plug. The ball rolled forward through the chamber until stopped by the rifling. Powder was

won the debate, citing that, since the musket was used by all large European armies, it must be better than the rifle. The question was finally settled by a compromise. It was decided to

produce the new weapons in a ratio of 10 muskets to one rifle!

The Springfield institution was the first to go into production. During 1795, the first year of operation, only 245 muskets were produced. The first "Springfields" were for the most part copies of the Charleville muskets used by the Continental Army, one of the main differences being that the lock plate on the new guns was stamped with a spread eagle and the words ". S. Springfield." This particular gun was made until 1808 and, in addition to being made by the government armories, was manufactured on contract by private gunsmiths. Unfortunately, the majority of the guns supplied by private industry were far from satisfactory. A later model of the same musket, the Model of 1808, was also supplied by private contractors with equally unsatisfactory results. Despite the inferior quality of these privately made arms, the same system of procurement continued throughout the War of 1812.

Muskets continued to be produced for the service until 1855, with the Model of 1848 being the last flintlock manufactured. In the meantime both Springfield and Harper's Ferry were working on percussion guns, with the Model of 1842 percussion musket superseding the flintlocks. This was the last musket to be manufactured; in 1855 muskets were rifled to produce a new but short-lived arm, the rifle-musket. The development of breechloading, the metallic cartridge, and later the magazine was to make the acceptance of the rifle not only practical but inevitable.

In the meantime, however, the muzzle-loading rifle was not only holding its own but was being given a more important and permanent place in the military picture.

In 1803 the Harper's Ferry armory was ordered to manufacture 4000 muzzle-loading rifles similar to the "Kentucky" rifle except that the new model was half-stocked. The wood stock extended to a point approximately half-way between the muzzle and the rear of the tube, whereas in the full stock model it extends nearly all the way to the muzzle.

Certain American troops used the rifle with excellent results during the War of 1812. Four years after the war, however, an important advance was made; John Hall's breechloader was adopted. Hall's weapon was designated United States Rifle, Model of 1819. This was the first major American experiment with the breechloader—and it was the first breechloader to be accepted by *any* army.

* * *

(Part II of *The Story of the Rifle* will appear in next month's *Leatherneck*.)



We-the Marines

Edited by MSgt. Paul Sarokin

Complications

Many a married man has often secretly wished for the predicament which faced Sergeant Carmen J. Distefano recently.

A year and a half ago, in order to fulfill Turkish and American religious requirements, Distefano was required to marry his wife *three* times.

Since then, she has made three Atlantic crossings, been accepted as an immigrant to the U.S., rejected temporarily, then reaccepted.

Now, after her second entry into the United States, attractive Catherine Distefano, daughter of the French attache at Istanbul, hopes for a quiet American home life in Ashland, Ky., where her husband is on recruiting duty.

Catherine met Carmen at a Yugoslav Consulate party in Istanbul, in December, 1951, while he was on embassy duty with the State Department. After the usual courtship, the couple set the wedding for Easter, 1953.

Complications arose almost immediately. The two found that before their Catholic wedding could take place, a Moslem marriage ceremony would be necessary. Turkish law dictates a Moslem wedding for all of its citizens.

Although her father is a French citizen and her mother is Greek, Catherine, who was born in Turkey, was considered a Turkish citizen and therefore subject to its laws.

The couple also discovered that before Catherine could enter the U.S., a civil wedding at the American Consulate was necessary to furnish additional proof of a valid marriage.

The first two ceremonies were held in March, 1953, and the Catholic religious rite was held on schedule, Easter Sunday.

When the sergeant received orders to return home in July, the two had their papers in proper order, and were permitted to return to the U.S.

Then, late in December, just a few



Official USMC Photo
Sergeant and Mrs. Carmen Distefano took their marriage vows three times in order to fulfill Turkish and American religious requirements

days before their baby was due, the first blow fell. Immigration officials informed Mrs. Distefano that she would have to leave the country.

Missing from her immigration papers was a physical examination record required of all immigrants. And the law requires that this physical exam be conducted *outside* the U.S.

The Distefanos were frantic. Hurriedly, they contacted both Canadian and Mexican officials in Washington. But neither country would allow Catherine to enter for a physical.

Cuba was then considered, but an

expensive three- to four-month wait there would be required before re-entry could be made into this country. It finally became apparent that the only remaining solution would be to return to Turkey.

The Immigration Service extended Catherine's visa for six months so her baby could be born in the U.S. But the main problem—money for the trip—remained unsolved. Sgt. Distefano finally arranged government transportation for his wife to Turkey. Catherine's mom and pop footed the ticket back to the U.S. It was expensive—

but worth it—they had seen their new grandchild.

SSgt. Robert A. Clubb
RS, South Charleston, W. Va.

Condition Red

If the warning "condition red" is flashed around H&S Co., First Marine Division, it may mean danger, but not necessarily the combat kind.

These conditions, which accurately gauge the prevailing emotional atmosphere, are now measured by First Sergeant Benjamin F. Dutton's disposi-

thing; *Condition Yellow*—Things are getting rough—watch your step; and *Condition Red*—Get the hell out of here.

"Actually the temperament chart is nothing new," says MSgt. Dutton. "It's been kicking around the Corps for a long while. But it's still a good gag though—especially on battalion level."

"Top" first used the idea during the early days of World War II when the Fourth Marine Division was being formed at Camp Lejeune.

"If it works right, the man waiting to see me relaxes a bit on his way in

and the office staff gets a chuckle. That way everybody is in good humor," explained Dutton. "You see—the disposition chart in itself helps keep the condition green."

Pfc Manny Meyers
Information Section
First Marine Division

Never Too Late

Old gaffers still in the Corps need have no worry about being rusty or "too old to learn." A recent survey by the Marine Corps Institute turned up some interesting results. The longer a man has been in the Corps, according to the survey, the better he usually fares, educationwise.

In a check of more than 700 achievement tests, master sergeants came out with the top average score among enlisted men. In fact, the six-stripers turned out to be more than 10 percent better than the Pfc's—the boys in the group just out of high schools and colleges. Master Sergeants also led the Techs by one percent.

This shows that NCOs who have been reluctant to take MCI courses because of fearsome competition from the younger students, need delay no more. The odds are all in their favor.

MCI

George Slept Here

A Marine First Sergeant was conducting bed check one night in Korea.

"Who's in there?" he thundered. To each query came a sleepy reply. Then he moved along to the next tent.

"Who's sleeping in this tent?"

"Esther Williams and George Washington," came the answer.

The First Sergeant's anger mounted as he flew through the tent flaps to catch the wise guy.

He was greeted by Private Aster Williams and Corporal George Washington Reilly.

HQMC, Division of Information
END



Official USMC Photo

The Seal Rock Platoon chose Lee Ann Meriwether as their Official Sweetheart. Later, she won the Miss America title in Atlantic City

tion chart.

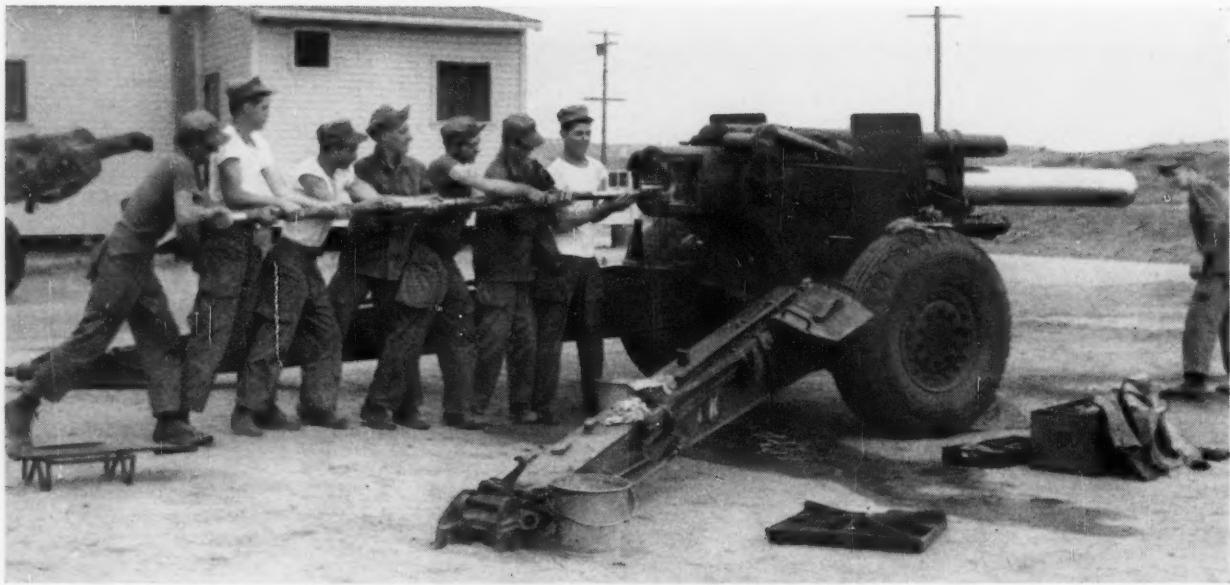
Displayed prominently, the chart with its "Read and Heed" heading, cautions prospective petitioners of the First Sergeant: *Condition Green*—Peaceable and passive—ask for any-



Official USMC Photo

The new recoilless rifle made by Firestone can be operated from a jeep or ground tripod

Crazy Captions



"Okay, Blanchard! This is yer last chance. Come on out!"



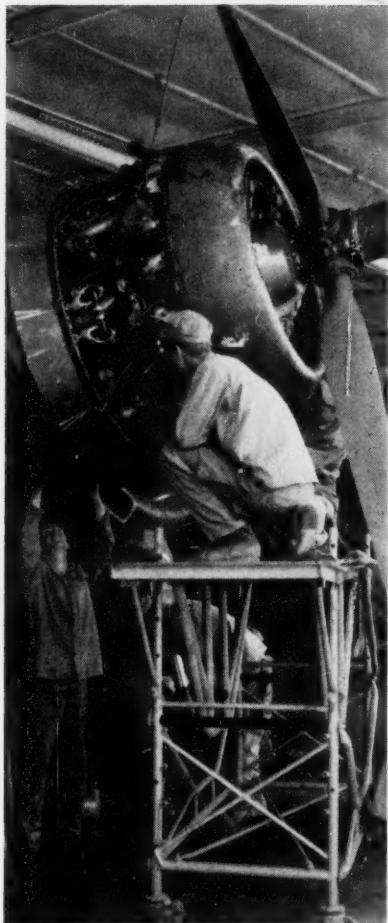
That's it, Number Seven, a little more left . . . no . . . left—
a little more left Number Seven! NUMBER SEVEN!
TURN LE . . . Okay, Number Thirteen . . .



"I will not shoot down any of our planes again.
I will not shoot down any of our planes
again. I will not"

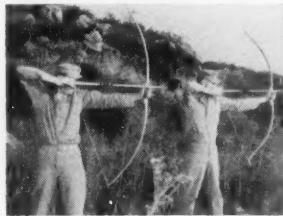


This is nothin'! Wait until next week
when we get a picture tube!"



Hey, Joe! You seen my monkey
wrench?

OCTOBER CRAZY CAPTION WINNER



SUBMITTED BY
CORP. DON L. BLACKBURN, USMC
HQS CO. HQS BN. 3D MAR. DIV. FMF
FPO SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

"Yoo-Hoo . . . Lieutenant!"

Here's another chance for readers to dream up their own Crazy Captions. *Leatherneck* will pay \$25 for the craziest caption received before March 1, 1955. It's easy. Think up a crazy caption for the picture below, print it on the line under the photo and fill in your name and complete address.

Tear out the picture and coupon and mail to *Leatherneck Magazine*, P.O. Box 1918, Washington 13, D.C.

The winning caption will be published in the April issue.



.....
NAME.....

ADDRESS IN FULL.....
.....

in reserve

Edited by TSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

WM Ballerina

Young ladies of the Woman Supply Platoon, 2d Depot Supply Battalion, in Philadelphia, are acquiring the virtues of team spirit and cooperation through ballet. The platoon's attractive, blonde Inspector-Instructor, Captain Hazel Gausch, originated the idea and doubles as instructor.

Every Thursday evening, the platoon's weekly drill night, the women arrive one hour early for dancing practice before duties begin. Discipline learned in ballet, they believe, can be helpful in classrooms and on the drill field. The captain—a professional ballerina in her own right—is a strong advocate of pure feminine character and personality building courses for women members of the armed forces. Although she knows that each difficult ballet step her students learn adds poise and grace to their bearing, Capt. Gausch figures there is much to be gained from a charm and personality course. She initiated one earlier this year under the guidance of a professional instructor from a local modeling school.

Occasionally, though, the girls get instructions in more practical pursuits—like tire changing or elementary auto mechanics.

Off-duty hours often find the captain performing on local programs under the name, Deloris Gausch. Her career in ballet has its roots in her college days at Penn State and started on the road to reality when her husband gave her a pair of ballet shoes. By 1953, she had progressed to the corps de ballet of the Philadelphia Civic Ballet. The group is now rehearsing "The Nutcracker Suite." Capt Gausch will dance the role of the Chinese maid.

A Marine Corps League scholarship



Photos by Sgt. H. R. Head

The young lady above is known to ballet goers in Philly by her stage name of Deloris Gausch. She's also (left) I&I Captain Hazel Gausch



afforded Capt. Gausch the opportunity to attend college and subsequently to receive her commission. The Tun Tavern Detachment offered an annual scholarship of \$1000 to a relative of a Marine killed in action in World War II. Her brother, Private First Class Calvin C. Hubbard, was killed in the struggle for Tulagi. She won the schol-

arship individually for three consecutive years and shared it during her senior year. At the end of her sophomore year, Hazel enrolled in the Women Officer Training Course at Quantico; two subsequent Summer courses qualified her for a commission in 1951.

MSgt. George T. Burleigh
4th MCRRD, Phila., Pa.

Perfect Score

John Paul Jones has a perfect drill attendance record with the 49th Special Infantry Company, Reno, Nevada. There are several people throughout the Organized Marine Corps Reserve with similar records. Only . . .

John Paul Jones is a sailor—which is quite appropos for someone with that monicker. He's also a descendant of the original, who was a Naval hero in the War of Independence. But . . .

John Paul Jones isn't a member of the 49th. He's a Sea Bee—a CEG1, in fact—and shows up at every drill of his own Reserve unit. So far he hasn't missed a muster at either organization.

I&I, 49th SpInfCo
Reno, Nev.

MCR Commercial

Captain W. H. Marlowe, Inspector-Instructor of the 80th Special Infantry Company, Danville, Illinois, took part in a popular quiz show recently.

"Dr. I.Q." telephoned Capt. Marlowe and offered cash for the correct answer to his questions. The thought of an open microphone (possibly coast-to-coast) gave the captain an idea. He ignored the question and substituted a nation-wide commercial for the Marine Corps Reserve.

His reward was three tubes of lipstick, the program's consolation prize.

9th District Reporter
9th MCRD, Chicago, Ill.

Plane Fare: One Hamburger

Private Barbara Britton, Woman Marine Platoon, 1st 4.5" Rocket Battalion, Dallas, Texas, made local history when she took advantage of a directive which permits vacationing reservists to use government aircraft on a space available basis.

After a free breakfast at Carswell Air Force Base, Barbara took a Flying Boxcar to Westover Field, Mass., and caught another hop to Loring Air Force Base, 70 miles from her destination in Maine.

The entire trip took 14 hours and cost one hamburger, for lunch.

On the return trip, Barbara got a hop to Chanute Field, Illinois, but, alas, had to take a train from there because of bad flying weather.

The Rocketeer
Dallas, Tex.

Tri-State Trophy

Last year, the marching Marine reservists of the 17th Rifle Company, Evansville, Indiana, were awarded the fifth place trophy in the West Side Fall Festival. Nice, they thought, but they



Photo by 17th Rifle Company, USMCR

Francis Miller, chairman, West Side Fall Festival, presented Captain C. W. Camperman, 17th Rifles, Evansville, Ind., with first place trophy

went home dissatisfied with their own efforts. This year, more than 70,000 people saw the 17th take first place in the hour and a half parade, outpacing more than 100 other units.

The West Side Fall Festival started as a business promotion 32 years ago and has become the biggest event of its type in the Tri-States (Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky). The huge parade is the climax of week-long activities, attracting spectators and participants from all over the three states. Competition no-

ticeably stiffened in 1953 with the inauguration of trophy awards. Marching groups like the Shriners, Eagles and Knights of St. John, as well as Reserve units, sharpened the drill team contests.

As this year's parade approached, Evansville reservists vied for positions on the drill team and they spent hours perfecting intricate maneuvers. Their reward was a first place trophy.

17th Rifle Company
Evansville, Ind.
END



Photo by Leatherneck Magazine

Lieut. Col. R. E. Figley, CO of MARTD, Anacostia, accompanied Brig. Gen. Frank Lamson-Scribner, COMMART, at recent D. C. inspection

CORPSMEN

[continued from page 21]

Francisco. Regardless of rank, however, all graduates of the Field Medical Training Battalion go to the First or Third Divisions just as fast as planes and ships can get them there.

It would be far from the truth to state that all hospital corpsmen arrive happily at the field school. Many state emphatically that they joined the Navy and want nothing to do with those crazy, mixed-up Marines. But as the days and weeks of the school tick off, they slowly begin to understand their place in the big picture. They begin to comprehend the tremendous jobs of the corpsman in the field, and most important, are picking up a self reliance. No doctors and nurses will be around to tell them what to do and when to do it on a night combat patrol through the rice paddies of another Korea. They learn the challenge and odds in the game of saving lives in combat—and, before the 10 weeks have passed they are more than willing to accept that challenge.

Nowhere in the military history of the world has any supporting group been accorded the treatment the Marines bestow on their field medical units. In the transformation from hospital to field, the corpsman becomes more than just an APC and foot powder dispenser. He is the "Doc"—a man of infinite wisdom, a friend and advisor, and a darned good man to have around when things are rough. In the social strata of the Marine, the Medical Corps place of honor has been fully assured by the caliber of its men and their deeds in a long list of places like Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, Pusan and Chosin.

Oddly enough, these same men who have been uprooted from ships and hospitals and transported to rugged land duty and a completely new way of life, are the most enthusiastic exponents of duty with the Marines. Former FMF corpsmen flood the Bureau with requests for reassignment to field units, and some of the old timers through adroit connections have spent as much time with the Marines as they have with the Navy. In his opening address to each new class at the school, Cmdr. Morgan sums up the sentiments of the field medical man toward his brothers of the globe and anchor.

"The Navy Medical Department," he solemnly states, "has the honor of furnishing complete medical support for the Marine Corps."



"Enemy" troops are briefed on the night's raid on the field hospital. Corpsmen provide their own security and defense on field problems

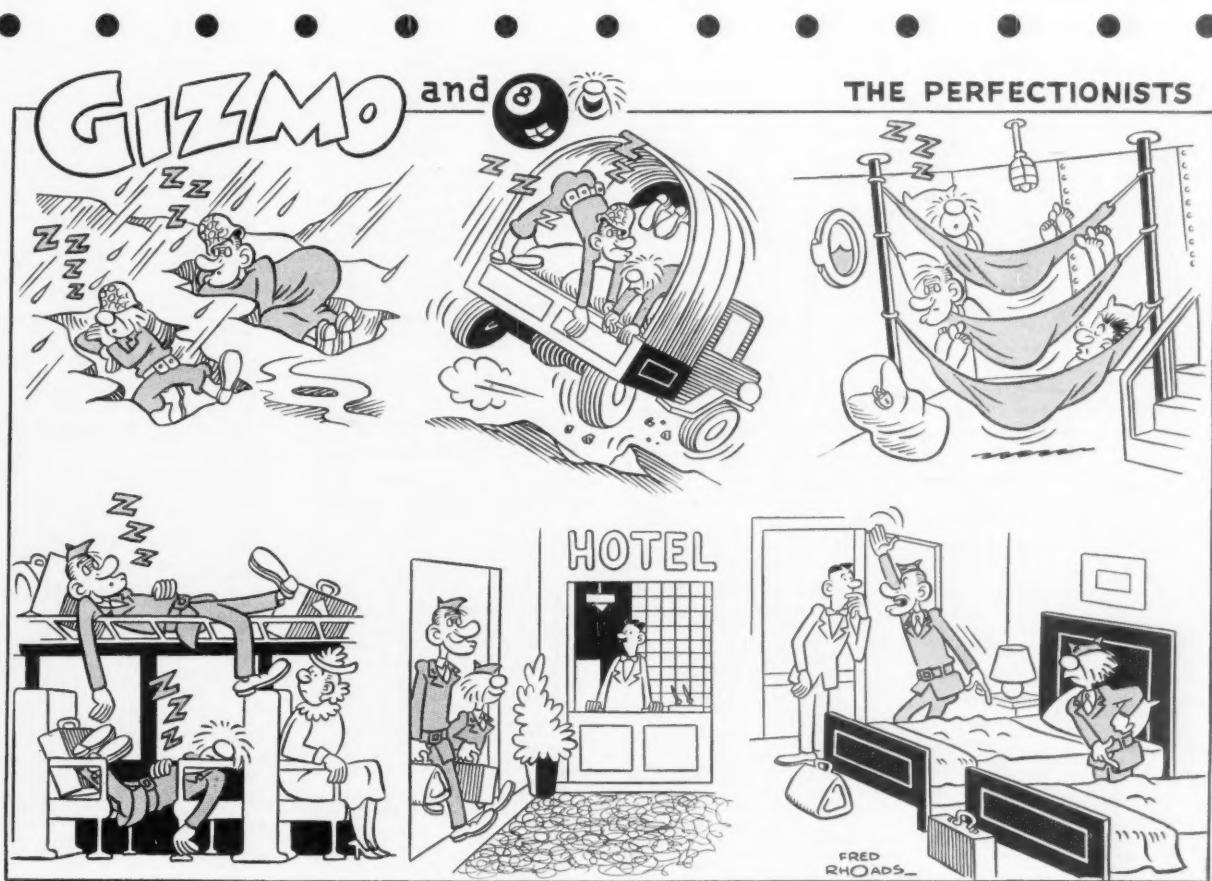


Honorman Kenneth M. Morgan, HMC, presents the class diplomas and orders for duty with the Marines. A new class began at once



"Cattle cars" transport the graduates to their new units or casual companies for further transfer to

an FMF command overseas. The "Docs" will soon have their own private practice with a Marine unit
END



Staff NCO Transfers

Compiled by

TSgt. Allen G. Mainard



Each month *Leatherneck* publishes names of the top three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We print as many as space permits. These columns list abbreviations of both old and new duty stations.

This feature is intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with this important phase of the Corps.

This listing is for information purposes only, and is NOT to be construed as orders. It is subject to HQMC modifications.

MASTER SERGEANTS

ARGABRIGHT, Jack (6419) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro
AUERBACH, Theodore J. (7119) AirFMFPac El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
AUSTIN, Elliott W. (0149) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT
BALSAM, Stuart S. (6419) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BARBER, Myron D. (5639) MB NAS NAMEP Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BARNES, Roger W. (0319) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BATEY, Eugene N. (4139) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BAUCUM, Bernard W. (3034) MarPac to CampPen El Toro FFT
BEARDEN, Harold L. (3269) MCB Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BEDDOE, Warren J. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BLAYLOCK, Homer D. (3149) MarPac to MCAS El Toro
BRACKEN, Kenneth N. (6419) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BREWER, McClure (1369) MCB Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BROWN, Robert L. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
BRUGUERIE, Emile (0149) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
BUCKLES, William J. (3044) 2dMarDiv Lej to I&I 12thSpnCo USMC Corpus Christi Tex
BUCKLEY, Milra (3379) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT
CARR, Rodney E. (6519) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CASEBEER, Clyde P. (7041) MCAS CherPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
COOK, Leonard E. (4439) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
COFFEE, Manuel R. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT
COLLINS, William A. (3379) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
CONNOLLY, Alice J. (0179) MarPac to HQ FMFPac
CORY, Parks (0519) 12thMCRD SFrn to CampPen FFT
COUNCIL, William J. (0149) MCAB CherPac to MB NavBase Boston
CRENSHAW, Harry K. (0749) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lej
CRESSMAN, George K. (6419) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
CRISTIANI, Robert M. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
CRITTENDEN, Robert L. (2549) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to Air FMFPac El Toro FFT

D'AMBROSIO, John A. (3014) MB 15thNavDiv Navy (188 to MB NavBase Boston
D'AGOSTINO, Ernest S. (3369) MCS Quant to MCRD PI
DAVIS, Leslie (5639) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
DAVISON, John C. (6419/7314) 3d-MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
DAY, Norman "T" (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DEATON, John H. (2268) Quant to MCRD PI
DELFIELD, John E. (0819) 2dMarDiv Trps FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
DENNIS, Saveren J. (1369) Lej to CampPen FFT
DETRICK, Raymond C. (1839) MarPac to CampPen FFT
DEVIIT, John R. (4611) MarAvDet NABATRACON NAS Pensacola to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DICKENS, Jean A. (0149) MCRD PI to MCB Lej
DICKINSON, Roy L. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NNSyD Portsmouth Va
DITTRICK, H. Jr. (3014) MCB Lej to MB NNSyD Portsmouth Va
DODSON, Paul H. (1369) FMFPac Trps CampPen CampPen FFT
DOUGHMAN, Edward G., Jr. (0149) FMFLant Norfolk to CampPen FFT
DOUTHIT, Harry R. (1369) MarPac Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
DOWNEY, Bickley O. (1319) MCFwd-Dep Portsmouth Va to CampPen FFT
EASON, Jack R. (2569) 3rdMAW Miami to CampPen FFT
EDDINS, Noble A. (0169) 2dMAW CherPac to CampPen FFT
EDWARDS, John H. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
EGLEY, Robert J. (3024) MarPac to CampPen FFT
ENGSTROM, Richard B. (6419) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ESTERLY, DeWitt C. (6419) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FEATHERLY, George L. (3054) AirFMFPac El Toro to MCAS El Toro
FLANAGAN, James C. (3169) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT
FLESHER, Harry R., Jr. (0379) FMFPac Trps CampPen to such MarCorAct within MarPac as CG dir
FOSTER, Larabee F. (0149) HQMC (AFSWP) Sandia AFB NM (Mex) to FMFPac CampPen
FOYER, John A. (0819) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT
FRANK, George J. (3379) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
FREEBOROUGH, Dale E. (0149) MCS Quant to I&I 79thSpnCo USMC Aurora III

JONES, Stanley T. (3054) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
KELLEY, George W. (3379) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT
KINSMAN, Walter L. (0119) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT
KOHLEN, Hubert (2719) MB NTC GLakes to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
ANGLEY, John D. (3054) MCFwd-Dep Portsmouth Va to CampPen FFT
LEWIS, "D" (3024) Lej to CampPen FFT
LEON, Antonio (3379) MarPac to FMFPacTrps 29 Palms Calif
LINKUS, Albert T. (6419) MARDT MARC NAS Floyd Bennett Fld Brooklyn to AirFMFPac El Toro
LIS, Stanley J. (6619) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NOTS Inyokern China Lake Calif
LITTLE, Wesley C. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to such MarCorAct as by MarPac
LOHMAN, Harman C. (0819) ForTrps FMFPac 29 Palms, Calif to MCRD PI
LOHRENGEL, George F. (3369) MCAS El Toro to such MarCorAct as dir by MarPac
LONG, Benjamin F. (1871) MarPac to CampPen FFT
LUTHER, James W. (6419) MARDT MARC NAS Atlanta to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC CONKEY, Phelan A. (5849) 3d-MAW Miami to CampPen FFT
MC FARLAND, George W. (0149) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT
MC KAY, James H. (6519) MARDT MARC WashDC to AirFMFPac El
MC LAUGHLIN, William E. (0819) 1stMCRD Boston to CampPen FFT
MC LAWTHON, Rodney R. (4139) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC MANUS, Walter L., Jr. (3539) HQMC (State Dept, Athens, Greece) to MarActy as MarPac may dir
MC QUAIDE, Lawrence (1129) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MC SPARIN, Warren (0319) 2rMarDiv Lej to MB Navy NGF WashDC
MARINELLI, John J. (0149) ForTrps FMFLant Lej to CampPen FFT
MAY, Laurnette M. (3419) MCAS Navy #990 to such MarCorAct as Dir of MarPac
MELTON, Robert S. (0319) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT
MILLWOOD, Bransford (3379) MB NAD Hastings Nebr to CampPen FFT
MITROS, Edward F. (6819) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MORCK, Vincent C. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas
MOSSMAN, Robert J. (4611) MarAvDet NABATRACON NAS Pensacola to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
MOTE, Norman G. (0149) I&I 65th-SplnCo USMCRC MCRCF Tulare Calif to CampPen FFT
MURRAY, Catherine C. (0179) MCAS El Toro to such MarCorAct as
MURRAY, James C. (4139) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NAPP, James J. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NEUDORFFER, Harry R. (7041/7314) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NEWTON, Glenford A. (3519) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
NIXON, James D. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to MARDT MARC Dallas, Tex
OLESNOVICH, Valdimer (2629) 2d-MAW CherPac to FMFLant Norfolk
PANUSKA, Andy (0466) MCS Quant to MB NavSta Treasure Is
PARKS, Robert L. (6519) MARDT MARC Niagara Falls to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PARRIS, Alexis C. (5639) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro
PATELLA, Paul A. (6419) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PATTERSON, Sidney L. (0149) 2d-MarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PAULEY, William E. (3014) 4thAW-Btr USMCR Madison WI to MD Navy #103
PENNINGTON, Cip C. (0149) FMFLant NavyBase Norfolk to CampPen FFT
PEDA, Andrew (0319) MB 15thNav-Dist FPO NY/NY to CampPen FFT
PERKINS, Charles T. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PERSICKE, Walter R. (0319) 1st-MCRD Boston to CampPen FFT
PETERS, Bertha L. (0179) FMFPac to MCRD PI
PETERS, Robert W. (1319) MCFwd-Dep Portsmouth Va to CampPen FFT
PETERSON, Robert A. (6419) 12th-MCRD SFrn to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PETERSON, William E. (0149) MCAS El Toro to FMFPac CampPen
PIERCE, Harold W. (3019) MCB Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PRESLEY, William D. (5639) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
PRINDLE, Charles D. (4312) El Toro to MarActy as MarPac may dir
PYLE, Louis W. (2569) AirFMFPac El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
QUIGLEY, William F. (6419) MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

REIDLAND, Wilburn L. (0339) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MB NMD Yorktown Va

RING, Clayton H. (5639) MB NAS NAMTC Muco Calif to AirFMF-Pac El Toro

RITZLER, Paul R. (3319) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT

ROCKWELL, Blaine M. (0819) FMF-Trps CampPen to CampPen FFT

ROSKOM, James R. (0149) HQMC (StateDept-Paris) to FMFLant Lej

ROWE, John E. (3439) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

ROWE, Keith W., Jr. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SASSEN, Peter W. (4611) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SCHWARTZ, Warren A. (2619) MB NTC GLakes to AirFMFPac El Toro

SCHLITTER, John P. (0319) Quant to MD NavRtrCom Portsmouth NH

SCOLLIN, Michael W. (0149) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT

SHAFFER, Wayne D. (0319) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT

SHANOLTZ, Harry O. (3319) HQMC (StateDept-Munich Germany) to 2d-MarDiv Lej

SHAWLER, Joseph J. (3379) Lej to MCAS El Toro

SHINN, Earl W., Jr. (0149) 2dMAW CherPt to I&I 2ndInfBn USMCR Boston

SHULTZ, James S. (6519) HQMC Bldg (NMex) to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SIDLUKAS, Charles J. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to MB NAS Patuxent River Md

SKAVDAHL, Vilmer W. (0149) MCB Lej to I&I 3dAWBtry USMCR Waterford Iowa

SMITH, George A. (3014) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SNEDICOR, Wyoma J. (3419) MarPac to MCRD PI

SORENSEN, Raymond R. (6419) 9th-MCRR Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SPILLMAN, Robert F. (6419) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SPONNER, Charles C., Jr. (0149) HQMC to I&I 1stTrkCo USMCR NMCRTC Tulsa Okla

SPRUNCK, Robert M. (6419) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STANFORD, Charles F. (3639) MB NATTC INTL Mugu Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STANLEY, George F. (1369) 1stMCRD Boston to MCRD PI

STEWART, Robert C. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

STREIN, Merlin A. (3019) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STUBEDAKER, Joseph E., Jr. (2529) 3dMAW Miami to CampPen FFT

STUTTS, Lawrence F. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

SWETT, Archibald G. (0319) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SWINSON, Adolph (3379) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT

TYLER, Donald M., Jr. (6419) AirFMFLant, NavBar Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

TALLENT, Paul L. (0149) MarPac to I&I 47thSpltInCo USMCR Midland Tex

TAMULAVAGE, Joseph E. (2719) AirFMFPac El Toro to 1stMAW

THIMAN, Willie E. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla

THOMPKINS, Daniel L. (0319) 9th-MCRRD Chicago to MarActy as MarPac may dir

TOLISON, Jessie P. (1129) MCS Quant to MC NavActy NGF Wash-DC

TRAVIS, George R., Jr. (2529) 2d-MarDiv Lej to FMFLant Norfolk

TREMBLAY, Albert J. (3379) FMF-Trps CampPen to MCAS El Toro

TUPPER, Dean R. (6439) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

TYSON, John W. (0169) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

ULMAUER, William A. (0149) MB NNSYD Portsmouth Va to 2dMarDiv Lej

UPCHURCH, Sidney A. (0149) I&I 3dTrkCo USMC Atlanta to CampPen El Toro

VANGUSKIRK, George M. (0848) MarPac to CampPen FFT

VASILIAUSKAS, Anthony E. (6449) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

VOGEL, Morris (3024) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

VOORHEES, John D. (1359) MCAS El Toro to CampPen FFT

WALDEN, Joseph T. (7119) 2dMAW CherPt to Quant

WALKER, Robert L. (3034) MCSC Albany Ga to HQMC

WALLACE, Edwin L. (0848) 6thMCRD Atlanta to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif

WATKINS, Garland M. (0149) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

WEIMANN, Robert J. (0319) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI

WENTZELL, Walter W., Jr. (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

WHATLEY, Robert C. (0319) MB NGF WashDC to MD NavRtrCom Norfolk

WIGGINS, Shelley L. (0339) MarAv-Det NABATRACOM NAS Pensacola Fla to CampPen FFT

WIECZERZAK, Michael (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NOTS In-yokern, China Lake Calif

WILLIAMS, Fowler S. (3529) Lej to 2dMarDiv Lej

WILLIAMS, Lionel P. (2119) MarPac to MCSC Albany Ga

WOJEWNSKI, Thomas (0319) FMF-Trps CampPen to such MarCorActy within MarPac as CG dir

WOODCOCK, Minus H. (1319) Lej to CampPen FFT

TECHNICAL SERGEANTS

ADDIS, Clifford E. (1119) FMF-Trps CampPen to CampPen FFT

AKROYD, Harry P. (0336) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej

ALLEN, Morton D. (3369) MCB Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

AMES, Charles L. (6419) MCAB, Cher-Pac to MCRD PI

ANDERSON, Eddie E. (1814) MB NB Navy #115 to 2dMarDiv Lej

ANDREJEWSKI, Aloysius V. (6439) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

ANNESE, Robert G. (1861) ForTrps-FMFLant Lej to CampPen FFT

ARCHER, Morton E. (0339) AirFMFPac to CampPen FFT

BAXLEY, Eugene L. (3149) MCSC Albany Ga to SctyFor POA

BEBOUT, George B. (6819) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to MB NAS Lakehurst NJ

BEHRENS, Richard H. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to MB NMD Yorktown

BELL, Eugene O. (1129) MB Wash DC to MCS Quant

BELL, Huel P. (1347) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT

BELL, Rad M. (6419) MAD NATTC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BENEY, Eugene H. (6461) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BERESKO, Alfred (6419) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BERNARD, Edward A., Jr. (6439) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BERNARD, Edward A., Jr. (6439) MAD NATTC Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BENNETT, Ray F. (6419) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

BILLITER, Oscar G. (5337) MCS Quant to SctyFor POA

BINKLEY, Floyd G. (0816) 1stMarDiv to 2dMarDiv Lej

BLUM, Robert O. (3534) FMF-Trps CampPen to MCRD PI

BLUM, Robert O. (3534) 1st 3d-SpltnCo USMCR Portland Me to CampPen FFT

BONNOT, Roy E. (3639) 9thMCRD Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BOUFFARD, Joe T. (1814) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

BOWMAN, Fred E. (1369) MB Wash DC to MB NGFWashDC

BOWERS, Paul E. (1129) MCAB CheroPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BRADBURY, Edward H. (0149) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BREGG, Earl E. (1379) FMF-Trps CampPen to CampPen FFT

BROWN, George D. (2336) MCS Quant to MCAB CherPt

BROWN, Kenneth J., Jr. (6419) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

BUCHANAN, John H. (3539) MCS Quant to MCAS CherPt

BRUMMIT, Doyle W. (1819) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI

BUTLER, Wilfred G. (1369) MCAS El Toro to CampPen FFT

CALDWELL, George R. (0339) MarPac to CampPen FFT

CAULFIELD, Thomas J., Jr. (3014) 1stMCRD Boston to Lej

CHAPIN, Glen H. (2619) MARTD MARTC NAS LBeach to CampPen FFT

CHAPMAN, Charles H. (3014) 6th-InfBn USMCR Houston Tex to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

CLAPMAN, William M. (4130) 1stMCRD Boston to CampPen FFT

CLARK, Adrian L. (0756) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to CampPen FFT

CLARK, Richard A. (1861) MarPac to CampPen FFT

CLEMENTS, Clyde V. (1379) MCSC Albany Ga to CampPen FFT

COLEMAN, Carl V. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

COX, Thomas M. (6717) 1stMAW to 2dMAW CherPt

CRAIG, George W. (2249) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT

CRAWFORD, Robert G. (2669) 1st-MarDiv to 3dMarDiv

CROSS, James J. (0336) 2dMAW CherPt to CampPen FFT

CRUM, Ralph W. (3269) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

CULVER, William W. (0319) FMF-Trps CampPen to such MarCorActy with MarPac as CG dir

DAWSON, Byron L. (3139) MCAS Miami to 3dMAW Miami

DEANGELO, Thomas J. (5579) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

DEERING, James H. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

DEES, Raymond F., Jr. (6400) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

DIDRIKSON, Robert G. (1814) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

DRENNAN, William A., Jr. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

DUNHAM, Freeman J. (1871) MarPac to CampPen FFT

DUNN, William R. (6619) MarAv-Det NATECHTRACEN Memphis Tenn to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

DUPRAS, Paul H. (0765) ForTrps-FMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI

DYNES, William J. (3024) MarPac to CampPen FFT

EDWARDS, Joseph H. (5239) MCRD PI to MCSC Albany Ga

ESLER, Preston C. (2669) 3dMAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

EVERETT, Raymond D. (5849) MarPac to MCRD PI

FAGAN, Henry L. (5579) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

FAGER, Harry E. (6419) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

FAKE, Robert E. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

FINIGAN, William F. (2539) 1stMC

RRD Boston to CampPen FFT

FIANNAGAN, Dewey P. (0371) 2dMarDiv Lej to HQFMFLant Nav Base Norfolk

FLEMING, William E. (1379) Quant to MD NavSta NORleans La

FLORES, John T. (5211) MB Wash DC to MCRD PI

FORD, Thomas P. (3014) 2d90mmAAA-Gun Bn USMCR Indianapolis to MCS Quant

FULLER, Thomas D. (3034) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

FURMAN, Edward C. (4611) MarAv-Det NABATRACOM NAS Pensacola to MCAB CherPt

GAMACHE, Henry J. (5711) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCAB CherPt

GARRISON, Willie E. (0319) MB NPG Dahlgren Va to MB 15thNavDist Navy #188

GATES, Floyd F. (6419) 3dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

GAUGER, Donald C. (3014) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

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TRANSFERS (cont.)

GERMANO, Peter B. (4312) 20MarDiv
 Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 GIRONNE, Joseph (4029) El Toro to
 MCSC Albany Ga
 GILL, Robert E. (3379) 2dMarDiv Lej
 to Campen FTT
 GORE, James V. (6139) HQMC to
 El Toro to Campen FTT
 GRAY, Harold N. (0319) AirFMFPac
 El Toro to Campen FTT
 GROHMAN, William A., Jr. (6419)
 MB NAS NAMTC Pt Mugu Calif
 to MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN
 Memphis
 GUNNISON, George E. (3519) 4thMC-
 RRD Phia to Campen FTT
 GUY, David E. (5239) 12th MCRRD
 SFran to Campen FTT
 HAINLINE, Ray N. (4671) 2dMAW
 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 HAMBY, William A. (1369) MCSC
 Albany Ga to Campen FTT
 HAMILTON, Griffin H. (0149) I&I
 AFTrnCn USMCrns Tufts Okla to 2d-
 MarDiv Lej
 HANCOCK, Lewis L. (0147) MB NGF
 Wash DC to Campen FTT
 HARLEY, Russell K. (1861) MCe Lej
 to Campen FTT
 HARRINGTON, Rosa V. (0179) HQMC to
 Lej to MarCorAct as MarPac
 may dir
 HEBB, John M. (0147) 1stMCRD
 Boston to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 HEIFFERICH, Donald L. (0439) 3d-
 MAW Miami to Campen FTT
 HENRY, Carl J., Jr. (2719) MarPac
 to Campen FTT
 HERMAN, Sheldon L. (6149) 3dMAW
 Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 HODGSON, John J. (4611) MarAvDet
 NABATRACOM NAS Pensacola to
 AirFMFPac El Toro
 HOJNACKI, Frank D., Jr. (6149) 3d-
 MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
 FTT
 HOLLAND, Vincent E. (6419) MarAv-
 Det NATECHTRACEN Memphis to
 AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 HORSMAN, Harry R. (3079) MarCor-
 CloDep Phia to AirFMFPac El
 Toro FTT
 HOWARD, Frank J. (4631) HQMC to
 MacCormicDep Phia
 HUFFMAN, Marcus B. (1379) MCAB
 CherPt to Campen FTT
 HUNT, Howard R. (3014) 56thSplt-
 Co USMCr Bellingham Wash to
 Campen FTT
 JACKSON, Jimmy L. (5581) 20MarDiv
 Campen FTT
 JOHNSON, Herman F., Jr. (0147) MCe
 FMFPac Campen to Campen FTT
 JOHNSON, Leroy H. (0319) MCAS El
 Toro to Campen FTT
 JONES, Jimmie R., Jr. (3516) MCe Fwd-
 Den Portsmouth Va to Campen FTT
 KALINOWSKI, John (0335) MarPac
 to Campen FTT
 KANDER, Melvin L. (6419) 1stMCRD
 Boston to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 KARLING, Kenneth F. (0146) MCRD
 PI to Campen FTT
 KEARNS, James J. (1369) 20MarDiv
 Lej to MCRD PI
 KELLY, Donald E. (4312) MCS Quant
 to Campen FTT
 KEESLING, Keith L. (0365) MD He-
 CinClnFt NavBase Norfolk to 3d-
 MAW Miami Fla
 KORKOK, John J. (6419) 8thMCRRD
 NOrleans to AirFMFPac El Toro
 FTT
 KRAUCHICK, Walter (3519) MCS
 Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 KRUEGER, Donald C. (0231) 2dMar-
 Div Lej to HQ FMFPac
 KUHL, William B. (5849) MCB Lej
 to MCAS Navy ±900
 KURTZ, Albert G. (3024) 4thMCRRD
 Phia to MCe CB
 KURTZ, Edward S. (5191) 3d-
 MAW Miami to Campen FTT
 LARSEN, Loren L. (3069) 12thMCRRD
 SFran to AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 LARSON, Melvin E. (2519) ForTr-
 FMFPac 28 Palms Calif to Campen
 FTT
 LAUDERDALE, Paul R. (2519) Lej to
 AirFMFPac El Toro FTT
 LAVEZZO, John J., Jr. (3379) For-
 TrFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to I&I
 2dShePartyGrp USMCr Orlando
 Fla
 LEWIS, Howard (3279) MCS Quant to
 ForTrFMFPac Lej
 LORENTEZ, William B. (0147) 2d-
 MarDiv Lej to Campen FTT
 LYNCH, John H. (0316) MD NOP
 Macon Ga to Campen FTT
 MC BRIDE, Charles W. (0316) 2d-
 MarDiv Lej to Campen FTT
 MC CLUNG, Charles K. (3034) 3d-
 MAW Miami to AirFMFPac El Toro
 FTT
 MC MICHAEL, Byron T. (0316) 8th-
 MCRRD NOrleans to Campen FTT
 MC PHIE, Jack D. (0819) MCS Quant
 to Campen FTT
 MARTIN, Cecil C. (3279) 6thMCRRD
 to Campen FTT
 MARTIN, Joseph L. (0147) I&I Sub-
 Wbtry USMCr Bakerfield Calif
 to EMPCoTrns Campen



"I told you once when they t..."

ROSS, Hiram G. (3379) Lej to MCRD PI

ROY, Orville J. (0147) HQMTC (General Scol, FTRiley Kans) to CampPen FFT

RUSSELL, Charles A. (6419) MAD to Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

RUSSELL, James A., Jr. (0816) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Memphis to CampPen FFT

ST. AMANT, Gerald A. (3379) NavForTrpsFMFLant Lej to MD NavForNavOrleans

SAUNDERS, Harry T. (3014) MCSC Alamo, Ga to I&I 1stAmTracBn to USMCR Tampa Fla

SCHNELL, Bobbie N. (0819) 9thMCR-RO Chicago to CampPen FFT

SCOTT, Henry A. (0336) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT

SHERFEE, James D. (6419) MAD to MTG Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SHEPHERD, Sidney L. (2519) FMF-1 PacTrns CampPen to CampPen FFT

SHIRE, Norman O. (4119) MCS Quant to CampPen

SHOOK, William A. (0147) 2dMABv Lej to MARTH MARTC Glenview Ill

SHUEY, Lyle L. (4136) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SIEGRIST, Warren H. (5519) 2dMABv Div Lej to CampPen FFT



I'll let you know
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SLAGLE, Everett, Jr. (3319) Lej to CampPen FFT

SLOCKBOWER, John (4631) MarPac to HQMTC

SMART, Orville L. (0449) 3dMAW Miami to CampPen FFT

SMITH, John G. (4312) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT

SMITH, Robert L. (6519) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas

SMITH, Trey R., Jr. (2519) ForTrps-FMFPAc 29 Palms Calif to CampPen FFT

SMURDA, James B. (3069) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SOHAYDA, Louis (0334) MarPac to CampPen FFT

STEEL, Warren (2819) I&I 6thSigCo USMCR NMRTC Alameda Calif to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STEFANIK, Ralph S. (6619) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

STRICKLER, Martin A. (3379) MCS Quant to 2dMABv WashDC

SUGGS, Garvin E., Jr. (6700) MTG-20 CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt

SULLIVAN, Francis J. (3339) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SUMPTER, Raymond E. (6419) 5th-MCRD Arlington Va to 2dMAW CherPt

SWANBERG, Clifford D. (6439) MAD to MTG Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

SYPIENIEWSKI, Edward L. (3379) HQ-MC to CampPen FFT

TAYLOR, Earl L. (2519) ForTrps-FMFPAc Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

TAYLOR, Richard B. (2519) ForTrps-FMFPAc Lej to CampPen FFT

TOMPINKS, Orville J. (6419) MARTD MARTC Norfolk to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT

TOSCANO, Albert J. (6519) MARTD MARC Memphis to AirFMFPac El Toro FFFT
TURL, Donald R. (3069) 3dMAW Miami Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFFT
ULEMOVICH, George R. (5239) Quant in MCRD
URICK, Robert A. (3419) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFFT
VAN WART, Robert D. (0149) For-Trops FMFLej 29 Palms Calif to MCRD PI
VAN ZYLE, Amos G. (0319) MCRD MARC El Toro FFFT
VAUGHN, Carroll L. (6419) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax Fla to AirFMFPac El Toro FFFT
VERBANIC, Francis E. (6619) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro FFFT
WADELEIGH, Lester P. (0149) 12th-MCRD SFrAn to such MarCorAct as MarPac to direct
WARNER, William T. (0316) MarPac to CamPen FFFT
WEAVER, Alfred (0819) 4thMCRD Phila to CamPen FFFT
WEBBER, Ralph W. (3014) 6thMCRD Atlanta, Ga Lej
WEINER, Robert C. (0319) 2dAutoFId-MainCo USMGR New Haven Conn to MCB Lej
WEST, Kelvie E. (3339) MCRD PI to CamPen FFFT
WIGGINS, Andrew J., Jr. (1379) 2d-MAW ChePrt to CamPen FFFT
WILLARD, William J. (3319) MCS Quant to CamPen FFFT
WILES, George M. (0147) Quant to MCRD PI
WILEY, Ralph C. (0147) 2dMarDiv Lej to CamPen FFFT
WILLARD, William H. (6700) MTG-2d ChePrt to ForTrps FMFLant Lej
WILLIAMS, Clarence (0147) MCB Lej to MCRD
WOOD, Clifford A. (0756) MB NAD McAlester Okla to CamPen FFFT
WOOD, Walter R. (6519) 3dMAW WOOTEN to AirFMFPac El Toro FFFT
WOUTEN, Daniel W. (2519) AirFMFPac-Pao El Toro to overseas
YALLET, Sidney H. (2529) ForTrps FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFFT
YOKIMCUS, Raymond W. (2619) For-Trps FMFLant Lej to CamPen FFFT
ZISKA, Philip V. (5579) MCRD PI to CamPen FFFT
ZOOK, William W. (0319) MB 15th-NavDiv Navy \pm 188 to 2dMarDiv Lej



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STAFF SERGEANTS

ACEVEDO, George A. (5849) MCRD
 PI to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ADWELL, Avril V. (0336) MBD Nav-
 Bass Navy #115 to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ALBERT, John J. (0316) 5thMCRD
 Arlington Va to 2dMarDiv Lej
 ALDERSON, Wayne D. (3043) ME
 NM Glakes to Campen FFT
 ALLEN, Billie (3231) MCS Quant
 to Campen FFT
 ALLISON, Marvin E. (3379) 2dMarDiv
 Lej to MCB Lej
 AMYX, Lindbergh (2543) FMFPac-
 Trps CamPen to AirFMFPac El Toro
 ANDERSON, James L. (0316) 2dMWA
 CherPt to Campen FFT
 ANDERSON, Lenzie (3516) MarPac to
 AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 ANDERSON, Roger C. (3516) Lej to
 MCRD PI
 ANBEL, John M. (0848) MCS Quant
 to Campen FFT
 AUBREY, James H. (3369) HQMC to
 MCAS Navy #990
 BAGAN, Daniel (1871) FMFPacTrps
 CamPen to MCRD PI
 BAILEY, James H. (3433) 2dMarDiv
 Lej to Campen FFT
 BAKER, Allen (3023) 12thMCR-
 RD Sfran to MCAS El Toro
 BANKS, Joe Jr. (3379) MB NavBase
 Charleston SC to 2dMarDiv Lej
 BARFIELD, Ernest (2600) MBD NTC
 Glakes to ForTrpsMFPAc 2d Palms
 Calif
 BERGER, Paul B. (5231) MCB Lej to
 2dMarDiv Lej
 BEAL, Charles E. (1871) MarPac to
 Campen FFT
 BEASLEY, William F. (4631) Mar-
 Pac to HQMC
 BEDDINGFIELD, Elijah T. (0316)
 MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro
 FFT
 BENNETT, Edmund F., Jr. (3014)
 HQMC (StateDept-Stuttgart Germany)
 to ForTrpsMFPAc 29 Palms Calif
 BERG, James L. (3413) 5thMCRD
 Arlington Va to Campen FFT
 BERNARD, Joseph G. (0316) HQMC
 (StateDept-Karachi, Pakistan) to
 Campen FFT
 BILLINGS, Treely G. (0336) MCRD
 PI to Campen FFT
 BISHOP, William A. (4936) MCS
 Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT
 BLEDSOE, John P. (3379) ForTrps-
 FMFLant Lej to Campen FFT
 BLEDSOE, Otis W. (0147) MarPac to
 MacCor CombatIntlSTOFF The
 GenScol Ft Riley Kan
 BOYD, James C., III (5819) MD Nav-
 BaseComNav Base Norfolk Va to
 Campen FFT
 BOTTOMLY, William R. (0335) MD
 HQCinCinLantFT NavBase Norfolk to
 2dMarDiv Lej
 BRADBURN, Jerry O. (3016) 12th-
 MCRD Sfran to FMFPacTrps Cam-
 pen

BRANTLEY, Jack H. (2533) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT BREDEN, Robert E. (5849) MCAB CherPt to CampPen FFT BREWER, Clarence B., Jr. (3534) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT BRICKLEY, Robert L. (3361) MB NN-Syd Portsmouth Va to CampPen FFT BROWN, Louie E. (6519) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT BUMPASS, Russell (0316) FMFPac Trps to CampPen to CampPen FFT BURNETT, Jamie H. (3519) MCRD PI to FortTrpsFMFLant Lej CALLAHAN, Clyde (0337) MarAvDet NABATRACOM NAS Pensacola to MCB Lej CAMPBELL, Robert R. (0147) MarPac to 2dWpnBn USMC Kansas City CARRILLO, James E. (0149) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT CATERMAN, Bruce W. (0316) 2d-MarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT COCHRAN, Bruce M. (6413) MCAB CherPt to MARTC MARTC Columbus O COKREHAM, Boyd W. (1836) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT COLLINS, William D., Jr. (0316) MC- RD PI to CampPen FFT CONNAUGHTON, Edward (0147) I&I 1stANGLICO USMCR Ft Schuyler NY to 1stMCRD New York NY COWAN, Harry E., Jr. (0147) 4th-MCRD PI to 2dMAW CherPt CRAVENFORD, Charles B. (2511) 2d-Mar- Div Lej to MCRD PI CUTTERHOUSE, Grover (0142) 8th-MCRD NOrleans to such MarCor-Acty as MarPac may dir CURLEY, Robert W. (0147) 2dMAW CherPt to HQMC CUTTERHOUSE, Grover (5841) AirFMFPac El Toro to CampPen FFT DALES, Frank L. (5239) MB Clarksville Base Tenn to MCB Lej DAUGHERTY, John G. (6613) AirFMFPac El Toro to MB NOTS In-yokern China Lake Calif DAVEN, Rubin J. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT DAVIES, Thomas, Jr. (0316) 1stMCRD Boston to CampPen FFT DEAN, Charles A. (0316) MB NMD Yorktown Va to CampPen FFT DELUCA, George A. (0366) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCB Lake Denmark Dover, NJ DEMINT, Charles R. (0147) 3dMAW Miami Fla to CampPen FFT DEVINEY, John T. (1347) Lej to CampPen FFT DOE, Harold, Jr. (0494) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT DOWELL, Kenneth E. (6461) MCAB CherPt to CampPen FFT DRAKOS, Jimmie M. (0765) MarPac to CampPen FFT DUGAN, John L. (0147) MarPac to CampPen FFT ECKMAN, George M. (0147) MCS Quant to MTG-20 CherPt EDSON, Edel E. (3016) MarPac to CampPen FFT EGAN, John B. (0316) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT ELLIS, Charles W. (5843) MB NavBase Phila to MB NGF Wash DC ELLISON, Ira (2611) MarPac to MB Treasury Esposito, Mary M. (0173) FMFPac Ft Lang NavBase Norfolk FAIRBANKS, Arnold H. (4136) 9th-MCRD Chicago to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT FANNING, Edward L. (3019) MarPac to CampPen FFT FEICKERT, George J. (1379) MCAS El Toro to CampPen FFT FIELDS, William (3534) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT FITZGERALD, John E. (3297) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT FITZGERALD, William J. (0119) 3d-MAW Miami to HQMC FLEISCHAUER, Robert F. (4494) 1st-MarDiv to MB 8th & Eye Sta Wash DC FLYNN, Thomas J. (0441) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT GATTO, Alexander A., Jr. (2336) ForTrpsFMFLant Lej to such MarActy as CG 2dMAW AirFMFLant CherPt may direct GEIS, Harriet J. (0121) FMFPac to HQMC GENO, Milton A. (5843) MCRD PI to MB Navsta Ti Sfara FFT GERNER, Erwin F., Jr. (0316) MarPac to CampPen FFT GIFFONE, Conrad M. (6419) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT GILBERTZ, Robert C. (2231) ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif to MTG-20 CherPt GOLING, Dean E. (6444) I&I 2d-TkBn USMCR Syracuse NY to 2d-MAW CherPt GRANNIS, John A. (2533) MCAS El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT GREEN, Tommy J. (0121) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT GUST, Kenneth H. (4046) MarPac to MB NavSta Treasure Coast HALL, Bernard C. (6413) MCAB CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT HANSEL, Robert K. (3539) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to ForTrpsFMFPac 29 Palms Calif HANSFORD, George F. (0316) MarPac to CampPen FFT HANUS, Clois L. (7119) MARTD MARTC Dallas to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT HARRIS, Gordon G., Jr. (0147) FMFPac Trps CampPen to MCRD PI

HARRIS, Jack C. (3539) FMFPac to Lej HARRIS, John E. (6761) MTG-20 CherPt to 2dMAW (6439) MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Jax to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT HENRY, Vestal D. (5869) MCAS Miami Fla to CampPen FFT HEYSE, Rudolf B. (0316) MB NavBase NOrfolk Va to CampPen FFT HILDE, George E. (0316) MarPac to CampPen FFT HINNANT, William A. (2519) Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT HOAGLAND, John R. (1316) Lej to CampPen FFT HORNBARGER, James R. (3371) MB NavBase Phila to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT HOKE, Louis O., Jr. (5841) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej HOUSE, James J. (0335) 8thMCRD NOrleans La to CO such MarCorActy as MarPac may dir HUBBS, Charles T. (4313) MarPac to CampPen FFT HUCK, Donald M. (0816) Lej to CampPen FFT HUMPHREY, Donald L. (0316) FMFPac to such MC Acty within MarPac as CG may dir HUTSON, Phillip E. (0337) 2dMAW CherPt to CampPen FFT HUTSON, Phillip E. (0316) MarPac to HQMC PI INDERLIN, Anthony J. (3334) MCAS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT JARRELL, Jimmie T. (0147) 2dMar- Div Lej to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT JAYNES, Jim W. (3371) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT JOES, Joe M., Jr. (0119) 2dMAW CherPt to MCRD PI KELLY, Donald V. (5849) MCS Quant to MB 15thNavDist FPO New York NY KEYS, Robert T. (0419) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT KING, Margin G. (3539) MCAS Miami Fla to CampPen FFT KLARNER, James J. (0335) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI KNUDSEN, Roy E. (3371) 12thMCRD SFrAn to FMFPacTrps CampPen KRUZER, Peter Jr. (6444) 1stMAW FMFPac 3dMAW Miami KUCKARSKI, John J. (6715) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT LA PLANTE, William E. (6444) AirFMFPac El Toro to overseas LAWSON, James O. (3068) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT SPARKS, Ralph W. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

LEVERETTE, Homer H. (0316) MD NavSta NOrleans to 2dMarDiv Lej LEWIS, Grover E. (0336) MCRD PI to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT LIBERTZ, George W. (3371) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to 2dMarDiv Lej LINCOLN, John E. (0316) 2dMarDiv Lej to HQMC LITTLE, Ernest R. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT LOMAS, Hugh D. (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS Willow Grove Penn to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT LORD, Oran E. (3334) MB NGF Wash DC to CampPen FFT LOVERIDGE, Philip T. (4939) MCRD PI to MCB Lej LOWE, Thomas W. (0765) 1stHAWA to 2dMarDiv Lej LOVEMAN, Carl F. (6419) MTG-20 CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT LUTNER, James R. (0366) MB Navy 2d-MarDiv to CampPen FFT MAC LEOD, Allan D. (3539) MCB Lej to CampPen FFT MC CARTY, "T" "W" (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej MC CLAIN, John J. (6413) MARTD MARTC NAS Dallas Tex to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT MC CLAIRE, John J. (0816) 5thMCRD Arlington Va to CampPen FFT MC DANIEL, Henry E. (1814) 2dMar- Div Lej to MCRD PI MC DONALD, Charles E. (0316) 12thMCRD PI to CampPen FFT MC GRAW, John W. (0147) MCS Quant to CampPen FFT MC INNES, John M. (4136) MarPac to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT MC NARY, Bernard B. (1129) MCS Quant to MB 8th & Eye Sta Wash DC MC NEEL, Stanley D. (2561) MCAB CherPt to CampPen FFT SHERMAN, Harmon J. (1834) HQMC (StateDept, Guatemala City, Gaumer- mala) FMFPacTrps CampPen SHKYMBA, Joseph (4631) MCWfDpDp Portsmouth Va to MarAvDet NAB- ALEXANDRONI NAS Pensacola Fla SIBERMAN, Edward W. (6701) MTG- 20 CherPt to 2dMAW CherPt SMITH, Don L. (4963) Lej to CampPen FFT SMITH, Jack W. (0316) MB NNSyD Ptsmth Va to CampPen FFT SMITH, John C. (5861) MCSC Albany Gt. CampPen FFT SMITH, Kenneth F. (6411) MCAS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT SMITH, LaVerne W. (0149) HQMC to 3dMAW Miami SMITH, Loren W. (2111) I&I 18th-SplnCn USMCr Evanston Ill to CampPen FFT SMITH, Merv F. (3534) HQMC to CampPen FFT SMITH, Wade D. (1841) MarPac to CampPen FFT SPARKS, Ralph W. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to CampPen FFT

STAHL, John E. (3015) MB NavBase Phila to CampPen FFT STEELE, William J. (0816) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI STEVENS, Aline (6444) MCAB Cher- Pt to MarAvDet NATECHTRACEN Memphis STEIGERWALD, Robert S. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej STEIN, Hugo H. (2169) 2dMarDiv Lej to MCRD PI STRIBLING, Sidney N. (6613) Air- FMFPac El Toro to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT TAYLOR, Harold T. (3534) 9thMCRD Chicago to CampPen FFT THOMAS, William L. (2700) MB NARTS Dover NJ to 1stProvMarCor- GMBN Inyokern China Lake Calif THOMPSON, Charles E. (3519) MCS Quant to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT THOMPSON, Frank L., Jr. (6461) Air- FMFPac El Toro to MCAS Navy #990 THOMPSON, Richard (3371) Lej to CampPen FFT TICKELL, John E. (3311) MCRD PI to CampPen FFT TUSSIN, James S. (0411) MarPac to CampPen FFT VAN, Marion L. (5239) 6thMCRD Atlanta Ga. to CampPen FFT VANKEUREN, Robert F. (0316) MCRD PI to 2dMarDiv Lej VELILLON, Joseph T. (0756) I&I 5th- 10thMgunBn USMCR San Jose Calif to CampPen FFT VESY, James L. (2119) MarPac to MarCorSupCen Albany Ga VICTORY, Jack J. (6413) HQMC to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT WALKER, George E. (6619) 2dMAW CherPt to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT WALTERS, James L. (1129) FMFPac to CampPen to AirFMFPac El Toro FFT WARNOOT, George R. J. (1166) 3d-MAW Miami to HQMC WEAYER, Wilford P. (1316) MarPac to CampPen FFT WHITE, Warren F. (0316) MCS Quant to 2dMarDiv Lej WHITWAM, Dornia E. (6511) Air- FMFPac El Toro to MB NOTS In- yokern China Lake Calif WOODRUFF, "R" "H" (3013) MarPac to CampPen FFT YEAKEL, Marvin J. (5843) MB Nav- Acty Wash DC to 2dMar- Div Lej YEZIERSKI, Daniel J. (1316) 2dEng- Co USMCR Lynn Mass to CampPen FFT YOKER, Henry Jr. (0316) HQMC to StateDept Oslo Norway to 2dMar- Div Lej YORK, Jackson G. (0147) MCB Lej to HQMC ZOBENICA, Dushan J. (0316) FMFPac to MB NavBase Phila

END



"Don't give up—he may break his hand!"

Leatherneck Magazine



A steady stream of visitors flows into Ocean City for a close-up view of the famous Berg homestead



Gunny Berg takes personal care of wood chopping detail. All fuel comes complimentary, via the beach

GUNNY

[continued from page 47]

and a half years were spent putting details on paper, and then the publishers assigned Charles Samuels, co-author of Ethel Waters' successful *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, to lend a hand in the final assembly of the manuscript. Today, *Lady on the Beach*, the story of Gunny and Norah Berg, is in its seventh printing and still going strong. The flow of mail into the modest Berg home is still large, and copies of the book forwarded for autographs are a problem in the tiny Ocean City Post Office.

The success of *Lady on the Beach* has done little to change the everyday life of the Bergs. They continue their long strolls on the beach, keep an eye on the garden and can clams for the months ahead. They have no intention of ever moving or in any way changing their way of life. Wood for the stove still comes from the beach and is chopped into usable size by the Gunny, and the glass balls and other treasures are collected with loving care and carried home by Norah. "I plan to continue writing," says Norah, and sums up their future outlook with a phrase picked up from the Gunny. "We've thrown out a mudhook and anchored."

One phase of the new life has created a problem for the Bergs. A steady stream of visitors and curiosity seekers flows to their home, located on an unnamed dirt road in Ocean City, and

dubbed "Hogan's Alley" by the "Big Swede." Hundreds of visitors show up each week end, and on holidays the traffic becomes even heavier. Last Fourth of July, the first showed up at dawn, and it was midnight before the weary Bergs had a chance to eat a little food and get into bed. An hour later they were awakened by the blowing of an automobile horn and shouting outside their front door. Still half asleep when she opened the door, Norah was confronted by a loud-voiced woman who shrieked, "Are you Norah Berg? I bought your book and want to see what you look like."

With fire in her eye, the usually complacent Norah retorted, "If you bought

my book you wasted your money. You should have bought Emily Post's book and learned some manners." With that, she slammed the door and went back to bed.

And what of Gunny Berg—who in his lifetime in the Corps has traveled everywhere and seen just about everything worth seeing? What does he think about a constant stream of visitors tramping through his house and garden and asking hundreds of personal questions? The "Big Swede," looking back to the innocent missive which started the entire affair, answers with plain, simple logic.

"Norah should never have written that damn letter." **END**





HOUSE PARTY

[continued from page 39]

had to fire across the street to eliminate each other's bottlenecks.

It was difficult to hear above the swelling sound of small arms. Before crossing the roof to the fourth house, Drum halted Renshaw, a runner, behind the low wall and shouted into his ear. "Get ammo, grenades moving up here! And find out how many casualties in Jeff's squad!"

Jeffries had kept his squad moving up the left side of the narrow street and was already entering the next to last house in the row. The quick, furtive glances Drum had used to check Jeff's progress from time to time had not caught any of the 2nd Squad going down, but it wasn't easy to check anything clearly. He went into the fourth house.

The Kid was already at the second story window when he saw the gray figures start across the intersection ahead.

"Reinforcements!" he yelled, pushing the BAR into his shoulder and firing left-handed to keep from exposing his body. One of the scurrying men fell in the dirty street. Another snatched his weapon but The Kid brought him down with a long burst.

"I think they moved a machine gun next door!" Trout shouted at Drum.

A two-man searching party was already at the head of the stairs. Drum realized the trump the enemy held in their machine gun, but decided to finish the house he was in now before going after the last one. He motioned Short and Shelby downstairs.

When the cellar was cleared, Drum left men to cover the front and rear of the house and moved the rest of the troops to the roof.

The last house had very little roof left, most of it having gone the way of a mortar burst. Drum found a sizeable chunk of plaster and tossed it down to the second floor. Nothing happened.

The second decoy was met with bullets fired through the floor. Trout pitched a grenade down the stairs and Drum, Price and The Kid scrambled over the

wall and swung from the naked joists.

"Shoot through the floor!" the platoon sergeant roared, rushing to the stairs. He pointed his rifle and let go at each side of the first floor. After another grenade, the Marines vaulted down the stairs. Plaster was still falling but there was no movement from the enemy.

John Short headed for the kitchen and stopped abruptly. A whisky bottle sat on a table in the center of the room. Short backed behind the doorway and sighted in on the jug. The explosion of the booby trap raised the floor under their feet, then the house was quiet.

The relief platoon assaulted the next block under a base of fire from Drum's men. The platoon sergeant turned to his chores while The Kid cautiously chalked the front and rear of the house.

"Y'know, Sergeant," he told Drum, "in this business, no two situations are ever the same. At least, it didn't look like it today."

Drum quit lighting his cigar and looked at him profoundly. "You're learning, Kid. Some day you'll be a good Marine."

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 11]

RESERVE STATUS

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you in order to gain some information to accurately determine my standing with the Marine Corps Reserve.

I am a former USMC-V, currently in the active Reserve. After one year of active duty, I was discharged and enlisted in the inactive Reserve for a period of six years. I joined the active Reserve soon after my enlistment and have been in the active Reserve ever since. October, 1951, I was called to extended active duty for a period which lasted for two years and one day. Under Marine Corps General Order Number 131 and the credit point system, I find myself with a grand total of 238 credit points when only 144 credit points are needed for complete discharge.

I know of two individuals who have received their discharge from the inactive Reserve, who have many less points and without Korean service.

Under normal conditions, I would like to stay in the Reserve, but I am five years behind in college now and another call to active duty would set me back forever.

Any information that you can give me will be appreciated.

SSgt. Richard D. Schultz
449 South Humboldt St.,
Denver 9, Colorado

● In accordance with Paragraph 4, e. (1) of Marine Corps General Order Number 131, a Six-Year Reservist will be discharged upon his request at any time after he has accumulated 144 constructive credit points, or upon the expiration of his term of service, unless:

(a) his enlistment or period of obligation service is extended either voluntarily or involuntarily under any provision of law;

(b) he is serving on active duty; or
(c) a state of war or national emergency declared by the Congress exists (see Par. 10 of same order).

If you meet the requirements of this reference, you are eligible for discharge upon your own written request to your



"Stop worrying Baby, your boy friend's still on maneuvers, ain't he?"

Leatherneck Magazine

immediate commanding officer. You should state in your request: "I, being a Six-Year Reservist, and having accumulated more than the required 144 constructive credit points, request to be discharged from the Marine Corps Reserve in accordance with Paragraph 4.e., Marine Corps General Order No. 131."—Ed.

DEPENDENT SURVIVOR

Dear Sir:

I have a rather complicated question which, if answered in the affirmative, could mean a great deal to my family.

My father, who was a veteran in the 20's (U.S. Army) died in September, 1939. At the time of his death he was a disabled veteran drawing compensation for a service-connected disability. Now, when my father died, my mother still had four children who were solely dependent upon her, and the only actual means of support which she had after my father's death was this pension. But the Government cut this pension off immediately after being notified of my father's death.

It is believed that my father's death was indirectly caused by the disability incurred during his enlistment in the Army, the same reason for which he was discharged. However, my mother has been unable to locate the attending physician and thus has no way of confirming the reason for death.

The important question is this; was she eligible to continue to receive this compensation after my father's death regardless of what caused his death?

An application was filed by my mother shortly after my father's death and, an attorney who apparently knew little of what he was doing, was engaged to help obtain this compensation, but without success.

Will you please advise us as to what could actually be done, if anything, in regards to obtaining what we believe to be a legitimate claim?

Name withheld by request

● Your mother was never eligible to receive the compensation (pension) which your father was receiving. However, she should have filed a pension claim in her own right (for herself and minor children) at the time of your father's death.

No lawyer is necessary to collect a legitimate claim from the Government of the United States. We suggest that your mother contact the nearest Regional Office of the Veterans' Administration immediately to determine her eligibility for a widow's pension. The local American Legion and other veterans' service organizations are in a position to assist your mother in filing her claim.—Ed.

SWORD CONTROVERSY

Dear Sir:

I would like to have some information concerning swords, sabers, bilbos, scimitars, and rapiers.

Since there have been many con-



roversies over swords and sabers, I am appealing to your expert staff for the answers. Who carries the sword and who carries the saber? Is there any difference in the enlisted men's and officers' swords?

Some of the old salts say that the

officers carry a sword and the enlisted men carry a saber. I am of the opinion that there is no difference. Please clear this up for me.

MSgt. W. C. Nazworth
"B" Battery, Marine Barracks,
U. S. Fleet Activities,
Yokosuka, Japan

● "Sword" is the generic term for all cutting or thrusting weapons carried in the hand. A "saber" is a sword used as a cutting weapon. It has one cutting edge and usually, though not necessarily, a false edge extending from the point to the hilt. A "bilbo" is (1) an iron bar with shackles, used for chaining prisoners, and (2) a small rapier, formerly made in Bilboa, Spain. Hence, the nickname "bilbo." A "scimitar" is a curved saber used primarily by Moslem warriors in North Africa, the near East and the Balkans. A "rapier" is a straight cutting and thrusting weapon used during the late 16th and early 17th centuries.

You are correct in claiming that there is no difference, other than that of design, between the Marine Staff NCO and commissioned officers' swords. They are both sabers.

For further reference material on the sword, we suggest you read; A Glossary
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 78)



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MEDAL OF HONOR

"The President of the United States takes pride in presenting the Medal of Honor posthumously to: Staff Sergeant Ambrosio Guillen . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Platoon Sergeant of Company F, Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 25 July 1953. Participating in the defense of an outpost forward of the main line of resistance, Staff Sergeant Guillen maneuvered his platoon over unfamiliar terrain in the face of hostile fire and placed his men in fighting positions. With his unit pinned down when the outpost was attacked under cover of darkness by an estimated force of two enemy battalions supported by mortar and artillery fire, he deliberately exposed himself to the heavy barrage and attacks to direct his men in defending their positions and personally supervise the treatment and evacuation of the wounded. Inspired by his leadership, the platoon quickly rallied and engaged the enemy in fierce hand-to-hand combat. Although critically wounded during the course of the battle, Staff Sergeant Guillen refused medical aid and continued to direct

his men throughout the remainder of the engagement until the enemy was defeated and thrown into disorderly retreat. Succumbing to his wounds within a few hours, Staff Sergeant Guillen, by his outstanding courage and indomitable fighting spirit, was directly responsible for the success of his platoon in repelling a numerically superior enemy force. His personal valor reflects the highest credit upon himself and enhances the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."

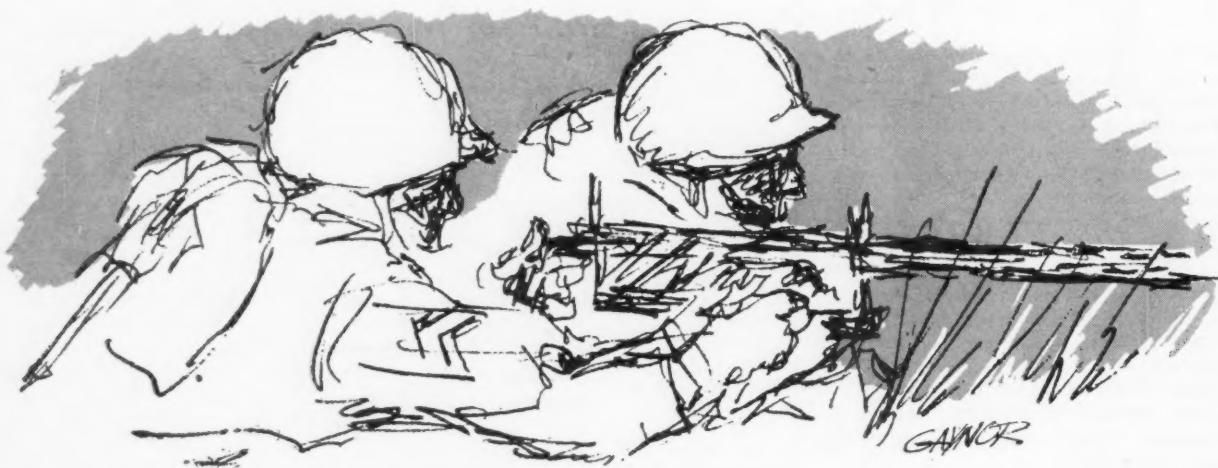
President of the United States
Dwight D. Eisenhower

MEDAL OF HONOR

The President of the United States takes pride in presenting the Medal Of Honor to: Sergeant James E. Johnson . . . "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Squad Leader in a Provisional Rifle Platoon composed of Artillerymen and attached to Company J, Third Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces at Yudam-ni, Korea, on 2 December 1950. Vastly outnumbered by a well-

entrenched and cleverly concealed enemy force wearing the uniforms of friendly troops and attacking his platoon's open and unconcealed positions, Sergeant Johnson unhesitatingly took charge of his platoon in the absence of the leader and, exhibiting great personal valor in the face of a heavy barrage of hostile fire, coolly proceeded to move about among his men, shouting words of encouragement and inspiration and skillfully directing their fire. Ordered to displace his platoon during the fire fight, he immediately placed himself in an extremely hazardous position from which he could provide covering fire for his men. Fully aware that his voluntary action meant either certain death or capture to himself, he courageously continued to provide effective cover for his men and was last observed in a wounded condition singlehandedly engaging enemy troops in close hand grenade and hand-to-hand fighting. By his valiant and inspiring leadership, Sergeant Johnson was directly responsible for the successful completion of the platoon's displacement and the saving of many lives. His dauntless fighting spirit and unfaltering devotion to duty in the face of terrific odds reflect the highest credit upon himself and the United States Naval Service."

President of the United States
Harry S. Truman
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)





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CITATIONS AND AWARDS

[continued from page 74]



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- M Sgt. John T. Cain

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

"... for heroic conduct . . ."

- Capt. Joseph F. Holzbauer
- M Sgt. Roscoe W. Rentz
- Pfc. Charles B. Umphlett
- Pfc. Kenneth D. Von Bergen

BULLETIN BOARD

BULLETIN BOARD is Leatherneck's interpretation of information released by Headquarters Marine Corps and other sources. Items on these pages are not to be considered official.

BASIC MOS's DISCONTINUED. . . The practice of assigning Basic MOS's to male enlisted personnel has been discontinued with the publication of Marine Corps Memorandum 89-54.

In the future, recruits will be assigned the identification number 9900 instead of an MOS, unless they, from experience, prior training or education, possess a "real" technical or professional skill which would enable them to fill a Marine Corps billet in a specific MOS at the corporal level.

Students will be assigned an appropriate MOS upon successful completion of a formal course of instruction which prepares them for a specific MOS. Quotas for these courses are controlled by HQMC.

When the on-the-job trainee has demonstrated his ability to satisfy the requirements of the MOS manual for a specific MOS, he will be assigned a primary MOS commensurate with his ability. On-the-job trainees, and those who attend a school for retraining purposes, will be assigned the ID number, 9911. Upon successful completion of a retraining assignment, the individual's commanding officer will assign the primary MOS commensurate with the trainee's demonstrated abilities.

DISCHARGE OF MASTER SERGEANTS. . . The Commandant has reinstated the privilege of early discharge for Marine master sergeants who desire, for personal convenience, to leave the service prior to the expiration of their enlistment, or prior to becoming eligible for transfer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve.

The CMC has stipulated that personnel with certain critical MOS's will not be eligible for early discharge without prior approval of HQMC. These MOS's are: 1319, 2249, 2336, 2619, 2629, 2719.

Further information concerning this type of discharge is contained in Marine Corps Memorandum 91-54.

96-HOUR LIBERTY UNDER STUDY. . . A proposed change to current Naval Regulations which would authorize a 96-hour liberty for personnel stationed at "remote" posts or stations, is now under study.

According to the new plan, extended liberty passes would include Saturday and Sunday, with the individual reporting back by six p.m. Monday.

The reason behind this plan of extended liberty is the mounting highway death toll, caused by service personnel trying to travel "too far in too short a time." The six p.m. deadline figures into the program because many of the highway casualties occur after dark when servicemen are hurrying back to their bases.

PAN-AMERICAN AND OLYMPIC GAMES. . . HQMC announced through Marine Corps General Order 169 that Marines on active duty for a period of 90 days or more would be eligible to participate in the Pan-American competitions and the 1956 Olympic Games provided they are volunteers; hold an amateur standing; are certified to be physically fit by a medical officer; and have authorization from their commanding officer.

LOAN PAYMENTS BY ALLOTMENT. . . Under recent changes in the allotment regulations, a service member may now take out an allotment in repayment of a home loan, regardless of the lending institution.

Previously, only allotments covering FHA loans were permitted. Now, allotments for such purposes may be made to banks, building and loan associations, etc. Only one such allotment per member is allowed; loans for improvements are not included.

BULLETIN BOARD (cont.)

SWAGGER STICK APPROVED. . . . A swagger stick has been adopted as an optional item of uniform for all male staff noncommissioned officers. Staff NCOs are encouraged to carry the swagger stick as part of the service uniform on leave or liberty and while they are on garrison duty, except in formation with troops under arms.

The standard swagger stick must be of an approved hardwood with a dark brown mahogany finish. The over-all length will be 22 inches, with a 1-15/16-inch brass top. A miniature Marine Corps brass ornament will be soldered to the rounded brass top. The bottom will have a one-inch brass tip.

The swagger stick will be made available to Staff NCOs through Marine Corps Exchanges and approved commercial sources. Only swagger sticks bearing identification of approval are authorized.

WOS RECEIVE NEW RANK INSIGNIA. . . . The Secretary of Defense, in accordance with the Warrant Officer Act of 1954 which provides four separate grades of warrant officers, has approved a redesigned metal rank insignia for wear by warrant officers of the U.S. Marine Corps.

The new metal insignia will have a scarlet enamel background with silver or gold markings. CWO Four will be designated by two silver stripes; CWO Three will have one silver stripe on the scarlet bar; WO Two will have two gold stripes; and WO One will have one gold stripe.

IDENTIFICATION OF APPROVED UNIFORMS. . . . The Permanent Marine Corps Uniform Board has designated a specific identification label to be sewed in uniforms manufactured under a letter of approval from the Uniform Board.

Personnel who purchase articles of uniform through Marine Corps Exchanges and commercial uniform stores should make certain that the identification is permanently attached.

END

SOUND OFF

[Continued from page 73]

of the Construction, Decoration and Use of Arms and Armor, by G. S. Stone and The American Sword 1775-1945, by Harold Peterson. The latter book was published in 1954 in New Hope, Pa., by R. Holter. Major John H. Magruder, Historical Branch, HQMC, assisted in compiling the data on Marine swords included in the book.—Ed.

DEPENDENCY ALLOTMENT

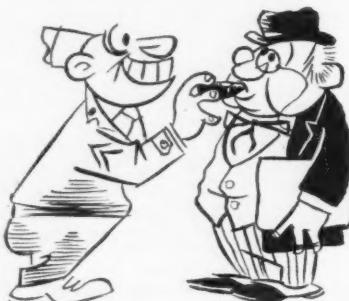
Dear Sir:

There has been a rumor flying around for several months now that as of 1 June, 1955, married personnel of the rank of sergeant and below will no longer draw a dependency allotment and therefore will be given a dependency discharge.

Inasmuch as I am contemplating marriage and also a career in the Marine Corps, I am naturally interested as to whether there is any truth to this rumor, and would certainly appreciate any facts you may be able to furnish me in regard to it.

Thank you in advance for your assistance in this matter.

Corp. John D. Agnew
SO&ES Aerology,
U.S. Marine Corps Air Station,
El Toro (Santa Ana) Calif.



● The extension of the Dependents Assistance Act of 1950 is scheduled to terminate on June 1, 1955. However, this Act is on the Department of Defense legislative program for the 84th Congress. It may be extended again.—Ed.

ARMY AWARDS

Dear Sir:

I am writing in regard to obtaining

information concerning my authorized medals. I served in the U. S. Army from April, 1950, until April, 1953, during which time I served in Korea from August, 1950, until August, 1951, as a member of the Eighth Regiment, First Cavalry Division. My ASN was RA-23863108. I was wounded twice in 1950 but haven't received my Purple Heart medal or Oak Leaf Cluster. Neither have I received my Good Conduct medal. I would like to obtain these medals and also find out if I am authorized to wear any unit citations.

If you can tell me how to get this information or forward this letter to the people who can furnish it, I will greatly appreciate it.

Corp. Lester F. Smith
HqDet., TTU LANT, USNAB
Little Creek, Va.

● For information concerning your Army awards, we suggest you write to The Adjutant General, Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C.—Ed.

END

ANSWERS TO CORPS QUIZ ON PAGE 10.

1. (c); 2. (a); 3. (b); 4. (a); 5. (c); 6. (b); 7. (a); 8. (c); 9. (b); 10. (a).

SPORT SHORTS

by Sgt. Robert C. Southee

Leatherneck Staff Artist

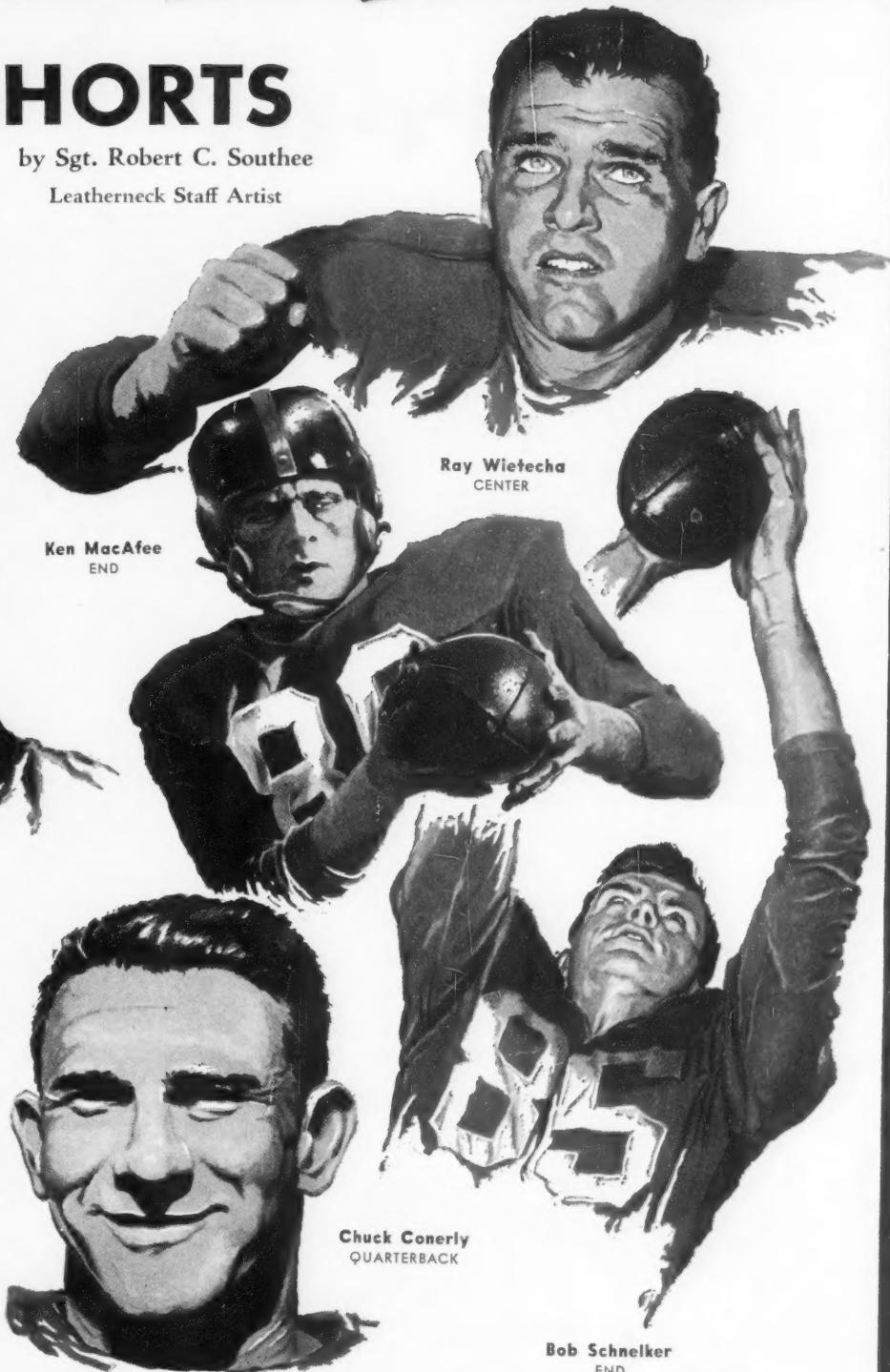


Jim Lee Howell,
COACH

THE GIANTS of the National Football League, a coalition composed mostly of assorted players of both stature and talents, last season crumbled nine times to end one step removed from last place. It was a disheartening situation. Steve Owens, the only head coach the New York professionals have known for the last 23 years, went. And, in effect, the Giants called out the Marines!

Jim Lee Howell was elevated from end coach to head mentor. Except for three years during War II when he saw action with the 3d Bn., Eighth Marines, Howell has been with the Giants continuously since 1937.

The aerial game demands the services of an accurate passing performer under the center. Fortunately, the Giants have had such a pigs skin pitcher for the past six years in former Marine corporal Charles Conerly. When he quit the Pacific fracas, "Chuckin' Charley" earned an All-American nod at Ole Miss, leading all college passers in '47. The following year, he was rookie of the year and racked up a League record of 36 pass completions in one game. He's set 10 other all-time Giant records since joining the club.



Chuck Conerly
QUARTERBACK

Bob Schnelker
END

But the forward flight of a football must come to rest in the hands of an offensive receiver for a pass play to produce yardage. At the ends Chuck can choose between a pair of *Leatherneck*'s past All-Marine selections—Bob Schnelker and Ken MacAfee. MacAfee starred for Quantico last year when that team copped its first All-Marine grid title. Schnelker, a great pass catcher at PI two years ago, is in his second year as a pro, his first as a Giant, and is close to the team's record for grabbing

touchdown tosses in one season.

Just to complete the picture, the man who passes the ball to Chuck so he can pass to Schnelker or MacAfee, is Ray Wietecha—a versatile 215-pound offensive center and alumnus of the Quantico squads of a few years ago.

Perhaps tiny volts of Gung Ho spirit have been generated by the handful of Marine aces and charged the rest of the team. Any rate, the Giants this year were dickering for first place—instead of the cellar.

END

Gyrene Gyngles

God's Speed

We pray for all who soon will leave;
God keep you night and day;
Your job is done, good luck to you;
God speed you on your way.

You've met good buddies, one and all,
Some memories made with fear.
To you, the ones who leave us now,
God's speed, good luck and cheer.

The takusan time you had at first,
You've waited for this day.
To sail for home, to those you love;
God's speed, we bow and pray.

The gate you entered from the sea,
To Inchon then through Seoul,
You'll pass once more to board your ship;
God's speed, Marine, to you.

Sgt. Doug Keller

Diminishing Returns

If the TOP had to pay a dollar,
For each harsh word as soon as he'd said it;
I wonder how long it would be,
Till he was living on nothing but credit?

Capt. W. N. Jackson

These Changing Times

Ole Field Marching Pack lying there,
You're made; and with glee I shout;
But I find my joy is now short lived,
For the word is: Brown Side Out!

Capt. W. N. Jackson

Operation Big-Switch

Who'll trade their hamburgers
For my can of meat and beans?
It's the best of the Charlie Rations,
A flavor like you've never dreamed!

No takers? OK, here's what I'll do:
I'll throw in my fruit cocktail;
And maybe an extra can of lights,
And seconds on my mail . . .

Prisoner exchange in Korea was a snap,
This is the hardest swap I've ever seen;
I give up! Move over a little,
So I can heat my meat and beans.

Capt. W. N. Jackson

Smarter . . . And More Fun

Some chaps
Shoot craps
And lose
Their shoes—
They can't resist those games!

But wise
Corps guys
Don't "throw"
Their dough—
They blow it on the dames!

Hal Chadwick

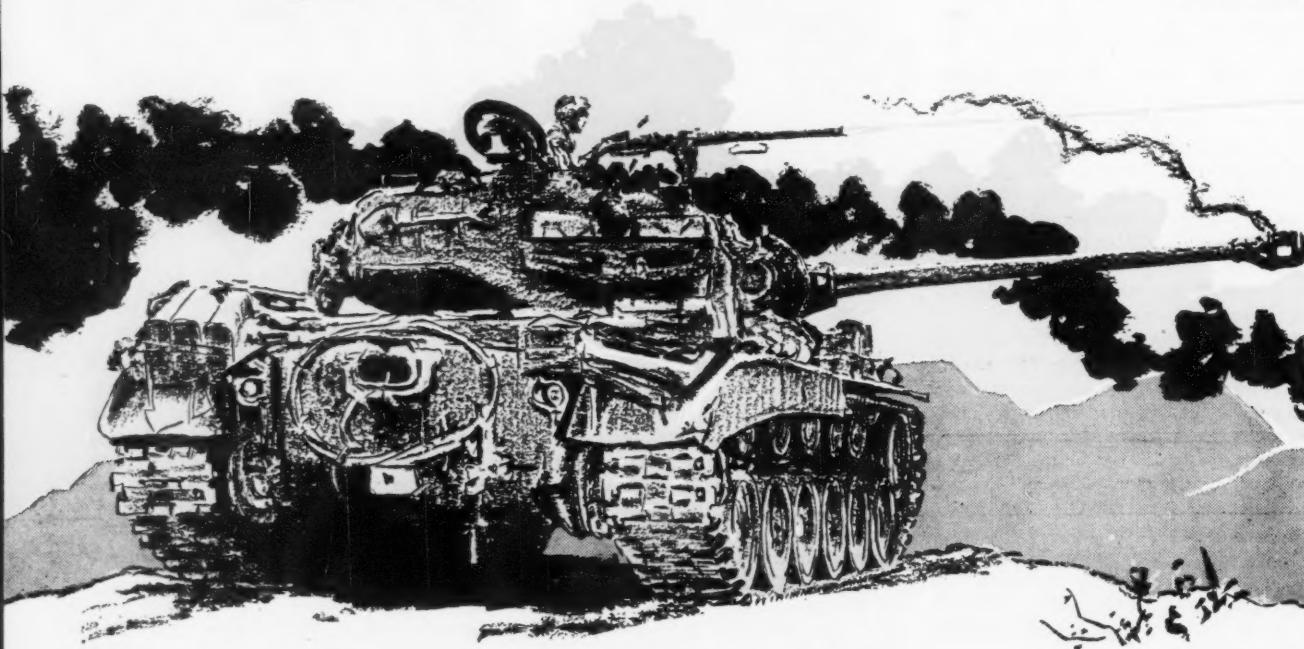
On Being A Tanker

I used to be in the Infantry,
But now I am in Tanks;
And for all of my love for the Infantry,
I'd still be in the ranks.
So, now I am the leader for
A wonderful, fighting crew,
Say, why don't you leave the Infantry,
And be a "tanker" too?

I used to be in Artillery,
But now I'm a "fighting man;"
Supporting troops is my specialty,
As only a "tanker" can.
And when they give the order
To advance and fight the foe,
Make way for the Iron Monsters, boys,
We'll show you the way to go!

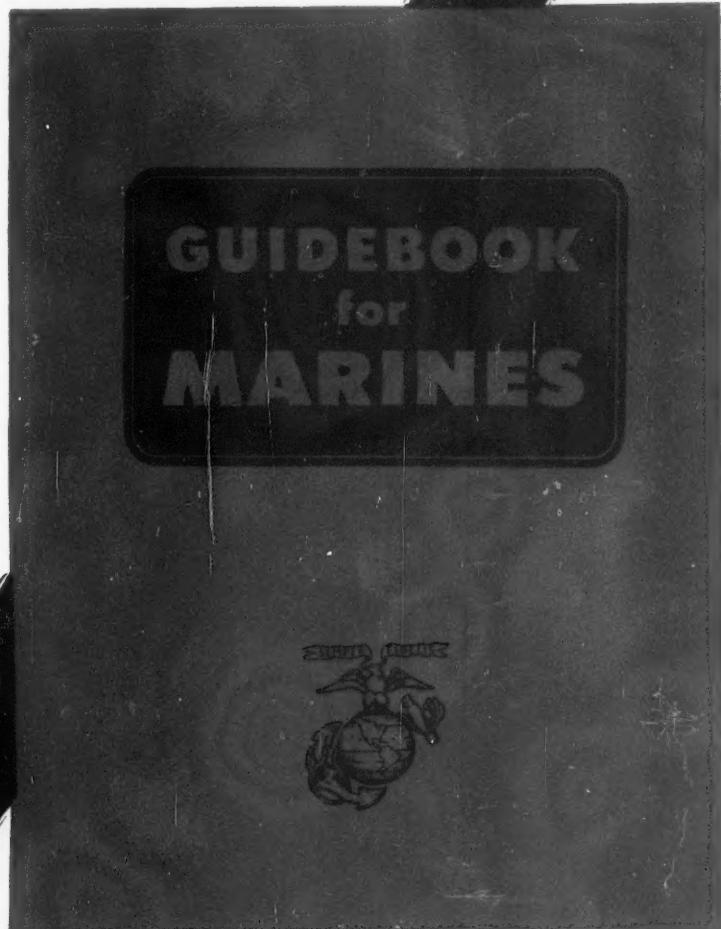
I've served in many branches of
The fightingest "Branch" of all.
But I've never served in a finer branch,
That's first to answer the call.
For once you're Tanks, you're a member
Of a hell of a scrappy crew;
Say, why don't you leave the Infantry,
(Oh, why don't you leave Artillery)
Say, why don't you leave the Infantry,
And be a "tanker" too?

James M. Perry



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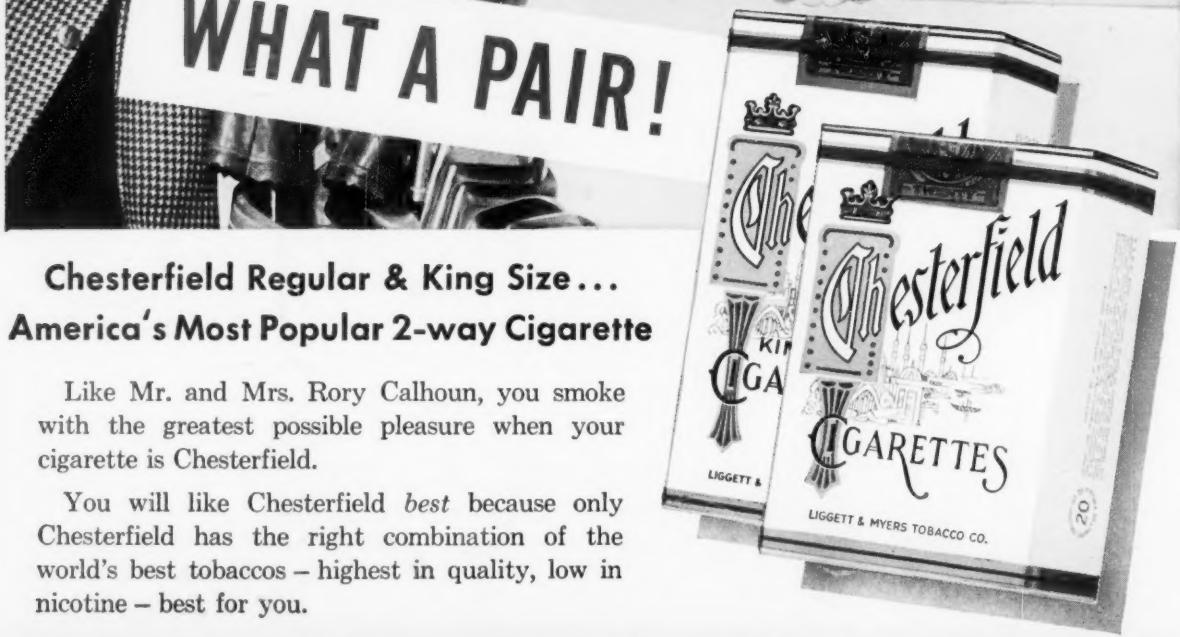
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